TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 22, No. 33. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 29, 1909. TERMS—Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance) $2. Whole No. 1121.

THE FRONT PAGE

HENRY H. ROGERS, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, and leading spirit in that mighty organization known as Amalgamated Copper, is dead and buried; but his work goes marching on. The evil and the good which has been the direct result of this man's having lived and worked can be better estimated by the coming generation than by the present, for while the creator of the "system," as Tom Lawson calls it, lies still and cold, the great machine of which his intellect was the bedplate moves onward without pause, without hesitation.

"Rogers is dead" are the words flashed over the telegraph wires from one end of the continent to the other. "Rogers is dead" is sounded through the depths of the oceans to the countries beyond. But the world of finance scarcely takes notice, knowing full well that the organization, the creation of the brains of men of the Rogers-Rockefeller type—men of money-getting genius—will falter not for an instant. It continues to make men rich and keep men poor; to brush aside those who oppose it; to aid those who are faithful to it; to make and unmake throughout the world. Such is the genius of organization, the result of having but one idea in life: the idea of money-getting, and having combined with this idea forcefulness, aggressiveness and unsympathetic greed.

The comings and goings of men of the Rogers-Rockefeller type and the incidental hundreds of millions which they accumulate during their lifetimes would not matter overmuch if the "system," the organization, by which these hundreds of millions are accumulated died with them. But no, this goes on. The Standard Oil Company will proceed with its work of dealing fairly and unfairly; of building up and tearing down; while the Amalgamated will as heretofore work its "system" for the benefit of the few against the many.

Who would dare attempt to foretell the Rogers of the coming generation? Will he be more ruthless than the Rogers of this? Will this vast accumulation of wealth be used or misused in other hands? Perhaps some prophet can say.

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THE Montreal Board of Trade's resolution, pertaining to inter-Imperial trade arrangements, as finally passed by the protectionist section of that body, classes up favorably with the Laurier-Borden-Brodeur-Canadian-made navy. It's full of words. It sounds like a statesmanlike document, but it means nothing.

Of course, men are not to be blamed for looking out for their own immediate interests. It isn't statesmanlike, and it's selfish, but it's human. The immediate section of the world interested in this question of inter-Imperial trade should not, however, take the resolution of the ultra-protectionist members of the Montreal Board of Trade too seriously. In the first place, I very much doubt if the vote as announced, 187 in favor of the resolution and 57 against it, really voices the sentiments of the Board, inasmuch as out of a total membership of upward of twelve hundred there were only 234 votes cast. I would take it to mean rather that the active protectionists, thinking the resolution of the first importance, marshalled their friends, who likewise had a more or less direct interest in maintaining the tariff.

The low tariff man has so long been out in the hall with the door shut that he has not now the energy to even put his ear to the keyhole. He has given up the idea of accomplishing anything, and not being spurred on with thought of immediate gain, lapses back into the long, deep line of those disinterested.

This resolution, which will be presented at the coming Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, tells of "granting preferential treatment in their respective markets on a reciprocal basis." When dissected to the bone this means that the United Kingdom and the various colonies are invited to participate with Canada in a sort of a free trade with a string to it. In other words, Canada being desirous of shipping wheat and other products to Great Britain, to the exclusion of other nations, asks that the Mother Country put a duty on wheat against the rest of the world. In return Canada will take off her tariff against Great Britain, provided always that what the latter desires to ship into this country does not come into competition with anything that is or can be manufactured here. The chances are, of course, that all such articles are already on the free list, but then the Montreal statesmen might ask that a duty be placed on them momentarily, so that we could have the pleasure of taking it off again, thus creating a good impression in the Motherland.

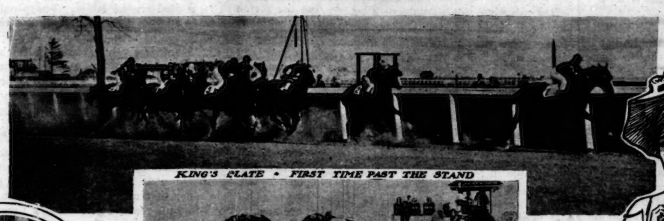
At the moment England is busily engaged in the manufacture of warships. Perhaps we might import some of these duty free in return for an exclusive market for our wheat. But come to think of it, we are going to manufacture warships ourselves, so the project is out of the question.

⁂

ACCORDING to the Vienna and Berlin papers the Anglo-Japanese alliance is likely to be dissolved. The report may be news to Downing street and again it may not; and coming as it does from German sources it will no doubt be taken at a fair proportion of discount. At the same time, however, the Anglo-Japanese alliance while receiving the general approbation of the Englishman at home has never caused any widespread enthusiasm in Canada, New Zealand or Australia. In the two latter countries a large proportion of the people are frankly antagonistic to the Japanese. They look upon the Yellow Man with suspicion, I might almost say with fear. They dread an invasion, peaceful or otherwise, of these yellow locusts, while here in Canada there exists no yearning desire to have them settle themselves on our broad acres. Instinctively we turn from this "Yankee of the Far East." The Yankee from over the line is more to our liking. He speaks our tongue and thinks largely as we do on most questions. He understands us pretty well and we understand him. He is our first cousin in thought, language and environment. Give a proper mixing and you can't tell you 'uns from we 'uns.

When the Anglo-Saxon links arms with a man and calls him brother there must, of necessity, be more than a cold, clear cut business proposition, else the "brotherhood" will in time fall of its own weight. We may call the Yellow Man an ally, and perhaps he serves a useful end, but at the same time we lie awake nights wondering if he is going to turn us down at the moment we need him most. According to the German writers Japan has now reached a state of mind where she is wondering whether this alliance is not of greater benefit to England than to herself. The Japanese are keen traders, and not likely to get the worst of a bargain, either in private or public affairs. She now realizes, it is said, that England has grown closer to the United States and to Russia, her avowed rivals in the Far East, in which event the most natural course open to her would be the dissolution of the alliance at the expiration of the ten year period, that is in 1915.

If by that time Great Britain and the United States can see their way clear to form an offensive and defensive alliance, we can well afford to wish our Japanese ally a polite good day.



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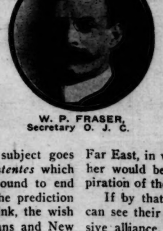

W. P. FRASER, Secretary O. J. C.

As it is with the people of the United States so it is with us. The Japanese we neither understand nor trust. He may be all right. We hope he is; but at the same time we would rather take a chance with the men of our own blood.

⁂

IT is pleasant to see another step being taken to remove Catholic disabilities in England and to take out of the accession declaration a silly and offensive passage, which serves no purpose in the world but that of insulting a large number of very loyal British subjects. I say it is pleasant, though this is merely the second reading of the bill, which was proposed by Mr. John Redmond, and not being a Government measure, it is not likely to be pressed to a third reading this session. But at any rate the fact that it has passed a second reading indicates, and the tone of the speeches by the Premier and others indicates still more strongly, that the powers that rule in England are awaking to a sense of the absurdity of their position in this matter. The time has about gone by, even in the strongholds of Protestant orthodoxy, when the Pope of Rome can very well be regarded as a menace to British freedom and a potentate whose works and pomps British sovereigns are obliged to publicly renounce, much in the same spirit as baptismal candidates renounce the works and pomps of another and even more eminently disreputable ruler. And it is the same feeling, bitter, narrow, and unthinking, which dictates the exclusion of Catholics from the offices of Lord Chancellor of England and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. All these things are relics of a barbarous and intolerant past, "the worst period in English history," in the words of Mr. Asquith, and it seems high time that they should be relegated to the limbo containing the penal laws of Elizabeth.

Even in the rather unlikely supposition of a Catholic monarch occupying the British throne, it is somewhat difficult to see how he could endanger in any way the freedom or integrity of the country, or how he could seriously affect its policy, even with the best intentions in the world of subjugating his kingdom to the Papacy. Of course it is quite obvious that if an English king were a Catholic he would be anxious to have the Pope in control of his affairs, just as he would immediately set about acquiring a dozen queens or so, if he came to place any belief in the Book of Mormon. The only question is, how would he do it? But there is no use arguing about any such absurd thing as this. A man's religion may be a very important factor in his spiritual life, but it has only a very indirect influence on his conduct in temporal matters. The fact that a man holds communist theories about property no more means that he is likely to visit his neighbors some night with a bull's-eye lantern and a jimmy, than the fact of his being a prominent member of a Christian church would warrant a man in trusting him with his fortune. And in the case of the King of England and the Papacy the idea is doubly absurd, as he couldn't even if he would. So the passage in the coronation oath with its description of Catholic beliefs as "superstitious and idolatrous" and its statement that the oath is taken "without any dispensation granted me for this purpose by the Pope" would be merely ridiculous, if it were not so virulently insulting to a large number of loyal and devoted British subjects, whose patriotism is none the less enthusiastic because they choose to regard an Italian priest as the representative of the Deity on earth. Their submission to the Pope in spiritual matters no more affects their position as Englishmen than does their use of holy water. I am not holding any brief for the Catholics or for any other sect, but I think that in the name of common justice and decency they should be spared such insult as this, in spite of the yawpings of all the hide-bound bigots between the poles.

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THE patriotism of the average Englishman seems to require a tremendous amount of rousing, if one is to judge by the elaborate means that are being taken to awaken it. Not satisfied with patriotic plays, the love-of-country purveyors are now getting out a series of patriotic playing-cards, and the Ancient and Honorable Makers of Playing Cards Company of the City of London is offering a prize for the best design for the backs of these cards, illustrating Britain's naval supremacy. With all due respect to the said ancient and honorable company's ideas, I would humbly submit that this is hardly the proper caper and violates every rule of the science of turning ribbon salesmen and junior bank clerks into gory-minded paladins. Britain's naval supremacy is the last thing in the world to emphasize—that would utterly destroy the whole force and value of the thing, and would even be dangerous as encouraging Englishmen in a very undesirable sense of security with regard to their homes and heads. The proper design is one illustrating Germany's naval supremacy—though of course the Vaterland would be referred to as "The Empire of the North" for obvious diplomatic reasons. Without desiring to enter the competition, I would suggest a picture of six or eight German Dreadnoughts hammering to pieces the sinking remnant of a fishing smack on which is seen standing a certain Mr. Brown or Jones or Smith, a poor untrained civilian who has been forced into the fight by the utter failure of the British navy, and who dies game with the great old flag in one hand and a horse-pistol, percussion cap, in the other. The

effect of such a picture as this could not fail to be tremendous on the minds of even the most callous bridge-fiends. And if the people took to playing patriotic cards with anything like the enthusiasm with which they attended a certain patriotic play, the blow could not fail to be a heavy one to German policies of conquest. The only refuge left Kaiser Willyum would be to use the same ruthless means of national defence, and invent a game of patriotic tiddly-winks.

⁂

AFTER all the nice things that have been said abroad of Canada within the past few years along comes a man with an axe, and a Frenchman at that. His name is J. E. Vignes and the article in question was in a recent number of the Grande Revue. According to M. Vignes everything is wrong, and those of us who thought all the time that this dear old Dominion was a good place in which to live and work are under an hallucination. The writer shares in common with most old country Frenchmen, a decided dislike for the French Canadian. In the first place he complains that the French Canadian does not show a lively interest in France, nor express any desire to belong to the French Republic. In view of the fact that the ancestors of the French Canadians were loyalists almost to a man, and never for a moment countenanced the Napoleons, not to speak of the Republic which followed, this is not to be wondered at. It is true that the French Canadian flies the tri-color on the 24th of May and also on St. Jean Baptiste day, but to him the bars have no particular significance. If he could readily obtain the flag of the Louis, the fleur de lis, he would like it all the better, for it stands for what he once was. M. Vignes has failed to recognize that migration from France ceased when England took over the country, and he has also failed to take into account the fact that the poor French peasant of those days was deserted by the French Seigneur; that the latter, for the most part, packed their traps and went back to France, leaving this son of the soil in the care of the priest, who was his confidant, adviser and friend.

M. Vignes next points out that the French Canadian is in the hands of the priest; that they exercise almost a supreme power, and that they dominate the schools and higher education. This, whether for good or ill—it is always a debatable subject—is unquestionably true to a large extent, but here again M. Vignes overshoots the mark, for he says that the Roman church dominates elections. I would respectfully refer the writer back to the general elections of 1896, as an example of where this was tried and where it failed miserably. In every hamlet and city in the Province of Quebec the priests preached political sermons admonishing their hearers to vote the Conservative ticket; but did they? Not much; they voted for Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and made him Premier of Canada. This was the last time that priests of the Province of Quebec shied their castors into the political arena, and a repetition is not likely.

The remainder of M. Vignes' article deals with matters which apparently he knows little or nothing about. For instance, he says that capital is unknown, that Canada's mines, forests and coal beds are unexploited, and that roads and methods of transport are primitive and inadequate. Well, we are doing the best we can under the circumstances. We have a few millionaires who are investing in Canada and many more who are putting their money, made here, into Cuban and South American projects, which barring revolutions, earthquakes and a few minor accidents may pan out, and again they may not.

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HYSTERIA appears to be giving way to insanity in Great Britain. First we have German airships floating over the Tight Little Isle, and next we have 50,000 rifles with the necessary ammunition stored in London for the use of the 50,000 Germans who reside there. Soon after this comes the report that German warships have sneaked into an obscure British port, spent the night there and disappeared at daybreak.

England has, half in fun, made a bugaboo, and now that it is built she is frightened half to death by the horror of her own creating. The case is serious. It is beyond the nerve specialist, but in time it will cure itself. It will run its course as it did in Napoleon's day. To scan over a British periodical published in the early portion of the last century is like reading the news of yesterday. You have but to substitute Germany for France and the picture is complete. The cry goes up that London lacks forts, just as it did in the Corsican's time. The average Britisher is looking under the bed half expecting to find a German there in exactly the same way as his grandfather or great-grandfather hunted after the pesky Frenchmen a century ago.

But it's all dreadfully real just the same, and perchance if we were in England in place of Canada Germanophobia would hit us too. When a phlegmatic and silent people have hysteria the case is nearly hopeless. The Italians, French and Spaniards may turn crazy and sane at least twice a week, and be none the worse for it; but the slow moving Anglo-Saxon does not indulge in these pleasures except at rare intervals, and it takes him a long time to come to his senses.

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LET'S either bet in comfort at Woodbine or not bet at all. Of all the uncomfortable methods by which one may lose his wad that in force at the Toronto track is easily the worst. Without even boxes to stand on, the bookmakers, along with the crowd of would-be-betters, are pushed and shoved about until you feel sorry for yourself and sorry for your neighbor. The Court decides that a bookmaker must have no visible habitation at Woodbine. In other words the law does not permit of a stand or other contrivance; the theory being that Mr. Bookmaker must move about. If he moves then the law against gambling is not broken; if he stands still it is. I take my hat off to that decision as about the most absurd of all the foolish renderings of a law that ever passed muster.

⁂

ATTENTION has been called by a discussion in the Italian Parliament to a peculiar state of affairs existing in that country with regard to the marriage laws. The situation has fine comic-opera possibilities and would be entirely ludicrous, if it were not that it is also the cause of a great deal of misery and of crime. Altogether it is a striking instance of the evils that may result from a conflict between church and state, where both parties are resolute and uncompromising in their hostility. The position is briefly this. The church refuses to recognize civil marriages, and the state in return will not accept the ecclesiastical ceremony. The result is that people commit bigamy with impunity, marrying one consort in the church and the other civilly. Another peculiar effect of this situation is in the matter of army officers and the widows of civil and military officials. Officers are not allowed to marry unless their wives have a certain income; while the widows lose their pensions if they marry again. Therefore both the officers and widows marry in the church, though the children of such marriages are illegitimate in the eyes of the law. Meantime the church visits with all its penalties those who contract civil marriages, refusing them the sacraments and Christian burial. It certainly is high time that something should be done to come to a working understanding in this matter, as the only result of such a situation as this is to bring ridicule and trouble on both parties to the absurd quarrel. The obvious way out of it would be for each party to recognize the marriages performed by the other, but perhaps it is too much to expect such a solution to meet with the approval of people, all whose passions have been aroused by a prolonged political and religious conflict.

⁂

WHAT will the newspapers do now that old Abdul Hamid has been forced out of the lime light? We have had this old rascal served up with our coffee for a generation and now the Young Turks kick him out of the Yildiz Kiosk, and the numerous members of his harem are reported to be spending their days and nights in a London boarding house. Abdul Hamid has received such a plentiful supply of abuse that one is almost inclined to sympathize with him. Probably the worst that can be said of the man is that he is an arrant coward, afraid of his own shadow. As a Sultan he was an Oriental Mohammedan ruler, and lived probably according to his lights. The trouble is that he did not die fighting as a good Mohammedan should.

THE COLONEL.

A Letter from Germany.

THE following extracts from a letter received by a relative in Toronto from a lady, whose letters we published a few weeks ago will be interesting:

Dusseldorf, Germany, April 28, 1909.

On Easter Monday we went for a beautiful drive for all afternoon, going through what is called the City Woods. There are acres and acres of lovely woods, with splendid roads going in all directions, all owned by the people of Dusseldorf and surrounding towns. I am more impressed each day with this place. It is wonderful what the city does for the people. The weather lately has been beautiful and every thing exquisite. I am glad we have been able to remain here so long before going to Vienna, as we see it in all its beauty. Our hotel overlooks a square of the park that they call in English "The Jewel Box." It has a large fountain in the centre, the flowers are glorious, and at present huge trees of magnolias are in full bloom. It makes a lovely outlook.

They have just opened here a most wonderful new store almost next to our hotel, and also overlooking the park. It is a huge building occupying three-quarters of a block and is up-to-date in every way. Their stock is very fine indeed. There are few cities in the United States of this size that have as fine a store. The Germans seem dreadfully slow, but they are very progressive in their own way and what they do they do well. There is no "trash" sold in Germany. There is a heavy punishment for a dealer who, for example, sells anything in the antique business and says it is old when it is not, or for selling the smallest article pretending that it is something it is not. So one is mighty sure to get articles that are just what they are represented to be. The laws regarding their pure goods are very severe. No adulterated foods of any kind are to be found in Germany. Almost no "patent" medicines are sold here because they will not allow any to be offered for sale unless the formulae is printed on the lables. The penalty for breaking the law is so heavy that people do not risk it. Dishonesty or disgrace of any kind sticks to people for the rest of their lives. It really seems dreadful because a man who goes wrong never gets another chance. Even if a boy is convicted of stealing an apple the record is kept by the police for the rest of his life, and any one's record can be looked up at any time. Even letting a note go to protest here is considered a dreadful thing and is held up against a man all his life.

The aerial railway is progressing. It is a gigantic undertaking and the amount of capital involved is tremendous. The people in that part of Austria are so primitive and do so much to hinder, in place of helping, but are acute enough to think that they have a rich American Company to deal with and in consequence ask the most exorbitant price for everything, and it is a constant fight to get anything done at a reasonable price.

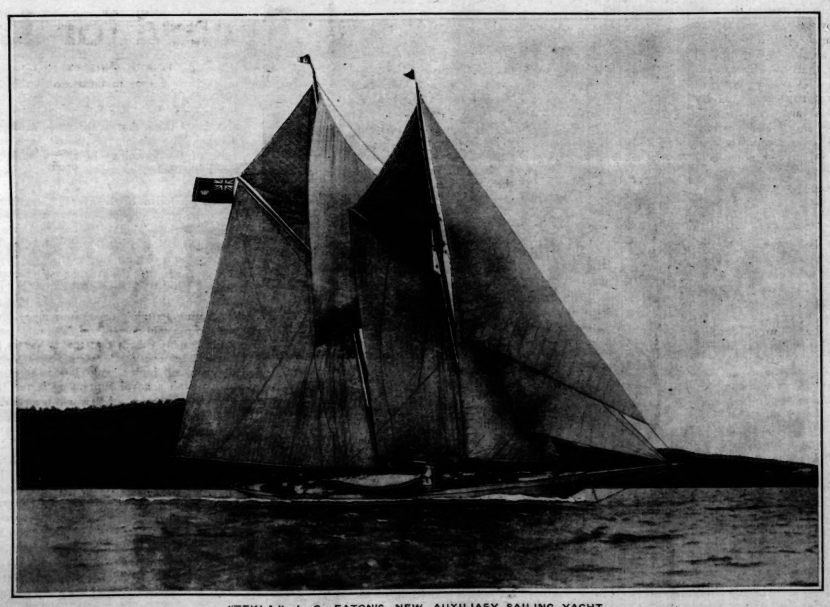
M. B.

A Romance of the Sea.

THE office of a modern business concern is the last place where one would expect to find romance, unless, of course, a young lady typewriter introduces it. But The London Daily Mail tells of a London company with a romantic *raison d'etre* which is almost untninkable. This is the Sea Salvage Company, whose object is one that would have supplied excellent materials for a novel to the late R. L. Stevenson. The company has a capital of £200,000 and several retired British admirals on its directorate, and its aim is to raise the seventeen Spanish galleons of the treasure fleet from America which were sent to the bottom of the Bay of Vigo in 1702 by the Anglo-Dutch fleet. The value of the treasure sunk on that occasion is estimated at any figure between £1,000,000 and £28,000,000. The instruments to be employed in raising this mine of wealth are the hydroscope and the elevator invented by Cavaliere Guiseppe Pino. By means of the former ingenious device the galleons have already been located, and experiments with the latter have given the most encouraging results. The Spanish Government has granted the company a concession which lasts till 1915, in consideration of a claim to 20 per cent. of all treasure recovered. Everyone will wish that this romantic business exploit will prove successful.

On May 10, 1909, just forty years had elapsed since the rails of the Union Pacific, moving westward, met the rails of the Central Pacific, moving eastward, at Promontory Point, near Ogden, Utah, and the first transcontinental railway was completed. Near Missoula, Mont., a few weeks ago, the gap in the links of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul was filled in, and the sixth of the roads which span the continent in the United States was finished. Canada will have her third transcontinental line completed before long.

Among the Paris buildings soon to be demolished is the castle of Etciles, on the Seine. It was the favorite domicile of Louis XIV.



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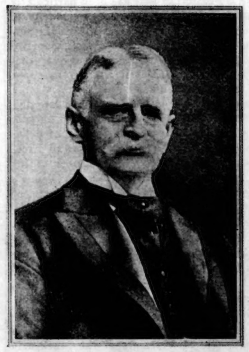
THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

Montreal, May 26, 1909.

TO hear the pots gently insinuate that the kettles were black, on the Board of Trade, the other day, was enough to breed a race of cynics. The opponents of the famous Meighen-McFee resolution denounced it as dishonest, inasmuch as, while sounding like free trade within the Empire, it also argued for a tariff for revenue purposes; but as Canada needed the revenue, how could she lower the tariff materially against British goods? "(Laughter)." Yes, they laughed. There were two or three hundred of them there and the laughter was so general as to call for the insertion of the word in the newspaper report. Was it because they thought the speaker humorous? Perish the idea. These were mainly members of the Manufacturers' Association, and everyone knows how seriously they take themselves. They thought the speaker had made a point in their favor—that was all. Then another speaker wanted to know if we were going to let these cheap British goods into this market to lower the scale of wages and the standard of living to an European level. Do you feel impressed with these arguments—they sound patriotic, and honest and intelligent and, withal, so considerate of the interests of the *wurkin'* man, don't they? Let's examine them for a moment. Open the Trade and Commerce Report, for 1907-8, page 15. One of the speakers referred extensively to average rates of duty, and why he said nothing about these is for him to say. Notice that, in 1907-8 the imports were the largest ever known in Canada. Also note the low average duty, and remember that the revenue was the largest on record. Now, look back to the late eighties and early nineties—same page. Note that average duties were then at their top, while imports were perhaps one-third and revenues less than half what they now are. That is,—low duties, high revenues; high duties, low revenues. That's what the Blue Book says. No wonder they laughed; only they didn't see the joke.



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Oil millionaire and owner of large railroad and industrial interests.

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Standard of Living.—Now, let's have another minute at that argument about lowering the wages and the standard of living. Look at that page again. Recollect that wages and the standard of living were low away back there when duties were high and imports and revenues small. If you don't remember it your father will. Now, run down the columns, and as the duties fall and the imports and revenues increase, what happened wages and the standard of living? Did they decrease? No sir, they struck their high point with the high point of imports and revenues. Facts are stubborn things, and these are facts. Imports of cheap British goods just about doubled, and wages, in some lines, also doubled. Make what deduction your particular brand of intelligence will permit; but if you still think that wages and standard of living in Canada would reach the level of those of Great Britain or Europe if we increased our trade with those countries, you are almost driven to the conclusion that they would reach the higher standards of the United States if we increased our trade with that country. What then? But Mr. Speaker didn't want increased imports from the United States either. Of course not. That is the whole interpretation of the dream. The Meighen-McFee resolution may have been a half-baked affair, possibly, but the orators who opposed it were just trying to string you.

∴

St. John's Bank Case.

They say that it was exceedingly funny to hear A. Bousquet, one of the witnesses in the trial of Hon. P. H. Roy, late president of the Bank of St. John's, tell of his transactions with the accused and the failed institution. He seemed to think that his transactions were serious business, and regarded as such by all concerned. He had known Roy for thirty years and his confidence in him was almost unbelievable. At the time of the failure, Bousquet was down on the paper of the bank for close to $75,000 and had never received a cent of the money represented by the promissory notes held by the bank against him, although a very considerable portion of this sum was for accounts he had purchased from the bank for collection. It was understood, however, that he was never to pay the notes. He said the notes bore interest at 6 per cent., and when asked how he paid the interest said he paid it with more notes. He didn't have the money to do these things but he gave notes. He seemed to be in a slight muddle over a somewhat large transaction he had with the bank. He had purchased an electric light plant, near St. John's, from the bank, for $15,000. This he had sold again for $35,000, thus realizing a nice profit. But the purchasers had not paid him in full, so that he took an action against them for the balance. He later withdrew the action, and now a further action had been taken by someone else to annul both his purchase of the plant and his sale of it. Being further questioned, it transpired that he had sold the plant to C. S. Roy and another man, and had been paid in notes. C. S. Roy happens to be the brother of the president of the bank, P. H. Roy. Asked how he managed to pay for the plant which he had purchased from the bank, he said he had given notes for it. Under the circumstances, Bousquet seemed a little uncertain as to who was now the real owner of the electric power.

∴

Notes a Specialty.

There was another man who showed up in large figures in the books of the bank. His name was Z. Perrault, and he was down in the records of the bank as owing it $22,000 in promissory notes. He too, had known the president thirty years—a rather unfortunate length of time—but, unlike Bousquet, he had never had a transaction with the bank and had never received a cent of money in any way from it. Furthermore, he had never even seen the different notes bearing his name, and had signed none of them. Action had been taken against him by the liquidator, but he was poor and wouldn't pay the notes even if he were rich. The lawyers had put him in very bad shape one way and another.

It may be remembered that P. H. Roy stood for election for the position of Mayor of Montreal, a few years ago. Among the notes which came in for discussion, was one for $10,000, marked "E.M." The former accountant stated that, in explaining this, Mr. Roy had said that the letters meant Election Mayorship, and that he was spending the money in the best interests of the bank. Mr. Roy had personally drawn a very large proportion of the money represented by a number of the notes under discussion. Another note which was shown in the assets of the bank, in the Government Statement, was given by a branch bank to the head bank, payable to XXX, for an amount representing what was stolen from the branch a few years ago.

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Toronto, May 27.

AN increase of $11,000,000 in the deposits of Canadian banks during the month of April, along with an increase of only $4,000,000 in trade discounts, does not justify the expectation of any great activity in business or the immediate return of prosperity. There was a much larger expansion in the loan account in the month of March. The figures would indicate a great deal of uncertainty, and it will be some time before confidence is fully restored in business circles. However, there is a better feeling prevailing with regard to the Western grain crops, and future trade will greatly depend upon the results of the harvest. An abundant yield this year would enable traders to see daylight, and put them upon their feet once more. Prospects at this time, we are glad to state, are of the most encouraging character. Notwithstanding an increase of $12,000,000 in the past two months, the trade loans in Canada are still $15,000,000 less than they were a year ago. And the movement then was on the down grade. If the foreign commercial loans of our banks are taken into consideration, we find the total trade discounts are over $560,000,000, whereas a year ago they were $561,400,000, a decrease of only $1,400,000. The inactivity of the money market may be judged by the great volume of the deposits in our banks. They aggregate $731,000,000, the largest amount in the history of Canadian banking. They exceed those of a year ago by $115,500,000. Domestic deposits only were $657,489,000 at the beginning of the month, an increase of $106,000,000 as compared with a year ago. It is little wonder that there is no desire on the part of Canadian bankers to increase their capital account by new issues of stock.

∴

Mackay.

The holders of Mackay Companies securities received a slight shock as a result of the law suit between the Western Union Telegraph Co. and the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. This suit, which has been fought in the United States courts for thirty years, was won by the Western Union. The Telephone Company must pay to the former company more than $6,000,000. The Mackay Company holds a very big interest in the American T. and T. Co., and as was natural, the securities of the losing company suffered to some extent by the sales of frightened holders. The downward movement, however, did not go very far, as inside interests came to its support.

∴

Larger Reserves.

Every means to increase deposits were resorted to a few years ago, but this at present is unnecessary. The opening of new branches now is chiefly done as a means of expanding trade and for the employment of idle funds. The heavy liabilities of the banks, caused by the unusually large deposits, make it necessary that they should hold a much greater proportionate reserve. And in nearly all cases the banks have strengthened their position, so that to-day the cash holdings and liquid resources are much greater than ever before. The available reserves of Canadian banks are now something like 30¾ per cent. of liabilities; in 1906 they were in the neighborhood of 21 per cent., while previous to that period they never reached 25 per cent. If the deposits continue to grow as they have in the recent past, it is quite possible that still greater proportionate reserves will be insisted upon by the most conservative bankers.

∴

Profits on Deposits.

Some bankers insist that they are carrying large blocks of deposits at a positive loss, owing to the difficulty in finding employment for the large surpluses they have on hand. These surpluses are usually lent out to brokers, who pledge the stock of speculative clients for loans. Speculation in securities for some time past has been comparatively restricted, and hence the difficulty experienced by bankers in finding employment for the heavy reserves they hold. But even in such times as these, it ought not to be a hard matter to do a profitable banking business, and make good dividends for shareholders. A great many of our old banks have "rest" funds or reserves amounting to as much as their paid up capital, and a few of the banks have "rest" funds exceeding their capital. These banks really pay dividends as it were on only one-half of their capital. It must be remembered, too, that no interest is paid by banks on current deposits, which now aggregate $207,000,000, or something like five-twelfths of the total deposits in Canada. A financial authority writing on the subject of profits on deposits, said: "Take a bank with a

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Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that A Dividend of Two and one-half per cent., for the quarter ending 31st of May, (being at the rate of Ten per cent. per annum) on the Capital Stock of the Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after the first of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 22nd to 31st May, both inclusive.

By Order of the Board.
J. TURNBULL,
General Manager.

Hamilton, 13th April, 1909.

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Fifty per cent. greater increase in Canadian business than any other company—Canadian, English, or Foreign. THE STRONGEST POSSIBLE EVIDENCE THAT POLICY-HOLDERS ARE WELL SATISFIED WITH THEIR POLICIES.

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capital of $2,000,000, and suppose it makes an average profit on its deposits of ¾ per cent. per annum, it figures out that an increase of $4,000,000 in deposits means a gain of $30,000 in annual profits, or 1½ per cent. on the stock. If that increase in deposits continues for a number of years, the capital remaining stationary, the increment of funds soon effects a large improvement in the returns upon the stock. If the capital is increased, say by $1,000,000, the stockholders get perhaps 4½ or 5 per cent. on the new money paid in, but as applied to the larger capital an increase of $4,000,000 in deposits would result in an increased ratio of earnings of 1 per cent. instead of 1½ per cent.

***

Little Speculation.

There appears to be a strong investment demand for all good securities. The cheapness of money is the chief factor in this movement. Stocks that return 5 to 6 per cent. are taken out of the market, and the floating supply is consequently becoming less and less. Money being worth only 3 to 4 per cent, it is natural that capitalists sould buy into those companies returning greater yields. One would expect to see a broader speculative interest in securities, but so far it has not come about. The advance in prices the past fifteen to eighteen months has produced a feeling of uncertainty in speculative ranks. The lessons of the past, for some unaccountable reason, seem to be remembered, and a large number of old-time operators refrain from taking an active interest in the market.

Canada's Great Land Discovery

TWO men were standing on the rear platform of a street car one day, and, although they were complete strangers, one of them started to talk and kept on talking. He was a talker by temperament and habit, and he couldn't help it. The other man smoked in silence.

"Well, sir," remarked the loquacious one presently, "it's a corker how this town's buildin' up. Do you see that big block right there? I could 've bought the site

Trees on the Athabasca.

of that block once for a quart of whisky and a pair of shoe laces." Then, as the silent man betrayed no concern regarding his lost opportunity, he added: "You don't seem much interested in my conversation."

"No," said the other; "I'm selling flying machine stock."

You have probably heard this story. At any rate you have heard many similar ones told to emphasize the truth of the old saying, that if the average man's foresight was as good as his hindsight most of us would be a hanged sight better off than we are. Thousands of men in Toronto to-day will tell you how they could easily have made a fortune in city real estate if they "had only known how things were going." Yet similar opportunities exist today, and these men, all unseeing, let them pass. In the York Loan district, for example, land values have increased 100 per cent. in less than two years. On the hill, property has multiplied in value and keeps on multiplying. Men fear prices have reached their limit or near it; and next year they go up surprisingly. The same men think all the good cheap land that any sensible person would buy or build upon has been picked up. Next spring a whole new district has been opened, and up go streets and prices like magic.

But the average man is not alone in his lack of ability to estimate future land values. When Canada's first transcontinental railway—the C.P.R.—was projected, thirty years or so ago, many of the wisest of the wise expressed a conviction that it would never pay for its axle-grease. And to-day few people—even among those of wide vision, political or commercial—seem to realize the possibilities of the North-west of this country as we are beginning to know it.

When the first rush to the Canadian West commenced, at the time of the big boom about 1880, the west meant southern Manitoba. Winnipeg, Brandon, Emerson, Portage la Prairie—these were the names spoken of by Ontario prospectors when they wrote home about the new country. Beyond lay a waste of practically unexplored prairie; and beyond that British Columbia, which seemed like another country altogether. Then the Manitoba boom burst. Wildly inflated values fell to nothing, and later rose to a sound business level, and kept on rising on that basis. Later towns began to dot the route of the C.P.R. In the Territories—as they were then—ranching flourished. Then Manitoba began to resemble Ontario, Saskatchewan began to resemble pioneer Manitoba, and in Alberta farms pushed the ranches farther and farther back. But no one thought about the vast territory to the north as being anything but a huge barren land. When the Grand Trunk Pacific was projected, the idea of running a road through an unpeopled country far north of the Canadian Pacific appeared a strange one. Edmonton was the farthest north that a railway had been built, and it was looked upon as the "jumping off place"—the distributing point of the great fur trade of the northern wilds, the terminus of north-and-south travel and commerce. That it should become a centre of east-and-west traffic seemed dreamlike. But that is what it is going to become. For away to the north of Edmonton—we have just discovered—is, not a barren wilderness, but a vast and fertile empire awaiting development. When Saskatchewan and Alberta are fully populated we will still have left this immense region—the world's Last West. And its development is already beginning.

It is the fashion of the west to refer to the east as the slow old cent belt. But that is only a joke, for the east has

Immense water power on the Chutes of the Peace River, below Vermilion.

made the west—has it not?—and is as proud of it as the west is of itself. One easterner that has been particularly active and enthusiastic in giving world-wide publicity to the vast and hitherto unknown resources of Canada's new west—her great northland—is Mr. R. E. Young, Superintendent of Railway Lands at Ottawa. You may say that that is his job, and so it is. But it isn't everybody—not even among government officials—that works on a job like Mr. Young does. He is busy early and late digging up facts about the west and publishing them abroad. He comes of a hustling family—being a brother of popular "Charlie" Young, proprietor of The Cornwall Freeholder, whose energy is known to every member of the Canadian Press Association. Under Mr. R. E. Young's direction there has just been issued, by the Department of the Interior, a cloth-bound, illustrated volume on "The Great Mackenzie Basin," edited by Captain Earnest T. Chambers. It is an eye-opener as to the possibilities of this big region, the boundaries of which may be roughly described as being: on the south, a line drawn east and west of Edmonton; on the west, the Rockies; on the north, the Arctic ocean; and on the east, the Hudson Bay region, the northerly portion of which is barren land.

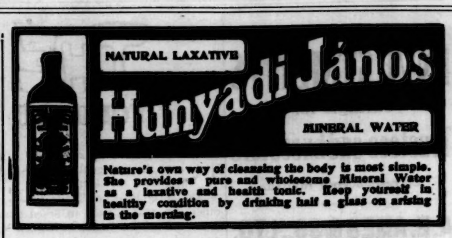
The volume is made up of evidence given before a Parliamentary committee by residents of the Mackenzie country and by government officials and others who have travelled through parts of it. It is not new evidence, but was gathered by a committee of the Senate in 1887 and 1888. It is now published because it adds to the value of a recently published government volume called "Canada's Fertile Northland," giving up-to-date evidence as to the same region. The demand for the "Northland" publication was so great among people, far and near, who are interested in the newer west, that the result of an investigation made over twenty years ago is now given as corroborative evidence that careful observers, both then and now, have found the Mackenzie Basin rich and fertile. As far back as 1888 the wheat growing capacity of the Peace river country was roughly estimated by George M. Dawson, of the Geological Survey of Canada, as being 300,800,000 bushels. He also discovered in that year that the farther north that wheat, barley, oats, etc., can be successfully grown the larger is the ear and the better the quality of grain. And Professor J. Macoun stated that the farther north live stock graze the better they fatten. These facts were ascertained from the experience of men at Hudson Bay posts and missions in the distant North-west. But little attention has hitherto been given to them by the public because people have been looking only to the accessible regions of the west—Manitoba and the southerly and settled portions of Saskatchewan and Alberta. But now men are pushing far north into a new land of promise, and are asking for better roads and railways to aid in its settlement.

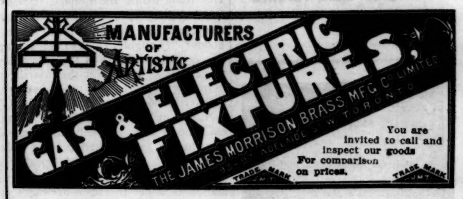
Every Canadian at all serious-minded will find it extremely interesting to read "The Great Mackenzie Basin," "Canada's Fertile Northland," and other similar publi-

Luxuriant growth, mouth of Loon River, running into Peace River near Vermilion.

cations issued by the Department of the Interior under Mr. R. E. Young's direction. The facts they contain about the marvelous resources of land and river, mines and fisheries, which we have away up north, but didn't know we had, are remarkable.

HAL.





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Pure white, delightfully fragrant and agreeable to use. It contains no grease. It is warranted not to promote the growth of hair.

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The Glass Base Shoe takes the place of the old-time Castor, and produces an improvement in the sound of music, acting as an insulator. This Shoe improves the appearance as well, and having large bearing will not injure polished floors or carpets, and can be moved easily by one person. These Shoes are easily attached, and being made adjustable will move over any uneven surface there may be in the floor. Ask your Dealer. If he cannot supply you, write us for free circular.

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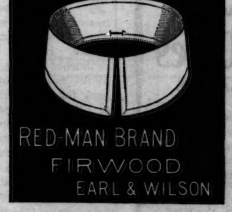

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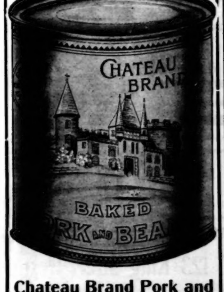

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SOUTH AMERICA, September 4

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LONDON LETTER

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

London, May 22, 1909.

WITH the return to town of the King; the opening of the Academy, which is the best in years or the worst in years according to the last person to whom you have mentioned this great annual show; the brilliant weather and the wakening up of the big town houses, the Season proper begins. Even to those who have no possible claim upon fashionable society the season means a great deal. There is so much stir and excitement, there is so much driving in the park, so many fashionable entertainments and so many pretty ladies and smart men to be seen about Piccadilly and Bond street that even the country cousin up for the May Meetings feels that she has something to do with the Season.

The May Meetings, which, by the way, begin in April, are almost as much an institution as the Derby and the Academy. All the annual meetings of any account are held during this month, and it is the great excitement of the year for the country parsons and their families, and the squires and squiresses who see what is being worn, listen to speeches which to many more lively natures would appear "of a dullness," and feel that they have shares in the joys of the London Season. When a Prince or Princess assists at one of these meetings the quiet country mice have a pleasure quite unknown to the sophisticated. The other day the Bishop of London presided, and the Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig Holstein sat on the platform at the annual meeting of a popular charity, the Waifs and Strays. All the women beamed as the princess in a blue gown and huge hat of black trimmed with white feathers received purses from a lot of small children, containing money collected for the Waifs and Strays, and when the Bishop raised his eyebrows confidentially and whimsically at the audience on hearing that he had promised to open another Home there were murmurs on all sides: "isn't the Bishop a dear!"

* * *

THE Mayor of Toronto and the City Treasurer were guests of some importance at the May dinner of the Sphinx Club held at the Hotel Cecil. Mr. Oliver's little speech was cordially received, as was Mr. Cody's. The Sphinx Club has something of a Canadian connection and has entertained Canadian guests at various times. The President, Mr. Ralston Balch, is the son of a former canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, and there are Canadians connected with the management. The Club gives dinners each month and entertains distinguished guests such as Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice; Archdeacon Sinclair, of St. Paul's Cathedral; the leading dramatists, such as Mr. Alfred Sutro and others; writers like Anthony Hope, and Rider Haggard; distinguished military men, and on the Ladies' Nights, which are brilliant affairs, the late John Oliver Hobbs has been heard, and more lately Miss Cecily Hamilton, who wrote the dramatic success, "Diana of Dobson's," and Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who almost persuaded the Club to become champions of women's suffrage. The presence of Miss Pankhurst at the Ladies' Night was remarkable for the fact that it was her first public appearance after being released from her last term in Holloway. This led Mr. Mostyn Piggott, the well-known writer, and the wit of the Club to say that he liked ladies to have the courage of their convictions—"even their previous convictions."

* * *

LADY NORTHCOTE was the guest of honor at a reception given lately by the President and officers of the United Colonial Circle of the Lyceum Club, which is the great professional women's club, with a big house on Piccadilly. There are members from every large colony in the Empire, and as Lord Northcote recently returned from governing Australia, and is spoken of as a possible successor to Lord Grey in Canada, it was fitting that the Colonial Circle should wish to do honor to Lady Northcote.

A number of important people who are, or have been at some time, connected with colonial life, were invited, including Lord Northcote, Lord and Lady Strathcona, the Earl and Countess of Jersey, Sir William and Lady Van Horne, the Earl and Countess of Darnley, Sir John and Lady Cockburn and Mr. Henniker Heaton. Mrs. Roy Batty, the President, who is to visit Canada this summer, received, and the guests made up a very cosmopolitan gathering. Lady Frances Balfour, the Duke of Argyll's sister, and an ardent suffragist—not suffragette—is the president of the club and was among the guests, and in the room were New Zealanders, Canadians, Australians, South Africans, men home from India on leave, and others who lately left Siam or China; and talk about those countries was to be heard on all sides. Lady Northcote, as everybody who can read knows, is a Canadian, and the adopted daughter of Lord Mount-Stephen. She has a charming, gracious manner, and incidentally wore some magnificent diamonds.

* * *

THE Dominion is well represented at the third "Empire concert" which Dr. Charles Harriss has arranged for the 22nd, in the Royal Albert Hall. Madame Albani, Donalda (formerly Pauline Lightstone, of Montreal), and Edward Ryker are to sing, and that clever little maiden, Kathleen Parlow, will play the violin. Sixty Union Jacks from Canada will be among the decorations. The proceeds are to go to that splendid Imperialistic society the Victoria League, which is non-political (Lady Jersey is the president) and aims only at drawing together the various parts of the Empire. Canadian visitors, with others who belong to "the Family," are welcomed by the league if they bring introductions from anyone known to its officers or members, and are given many advantages and receive many privileges solely because they are from the other parts of the Empire, and therefore brothers and sisters. The people who mourn over England's indifference to the colonies and its people must be those who have no knowledge of what the Victoria League means and what it has done and is doing.

AMONG the women over here concerned with the more serious side of things there is a good deal of interest taken in the Congress of the International Council of Women to be held in Toronto in June, for which Lady Aberdeen, faithful to her old love, is going over. To the more frivolous mind the number of subjects to be discussed is almost overwhelming. There is one, however, which is to be brought forward by Dr. Ogilvie Gordon, Corresponding Secretary, which should receive the hearty support of the delegates from the Canadian Councils.

It is the scheme which originated with Madame Thayer, an enthusiast by nature, an American by birth, a Canadian by marriage, and a Londoner by adoption. Two or three years ago this energetic woman, who was for years one of the teaching staff of the famous Cheltenham Ladies' College, began to agitate for the same advantages for colonial and American women students that the late great Imperialist Cecil Rhodes made possible for men. Mme. Thayer is not a rich woman, but she went on the principle that "silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I thee," and has thrown herself heartily into this plan for a post-graduate course for women at Oxford, Cambridge, or London. She goes further and suggests that English women would be benefited by a course at McGill University or Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, but this is still a little vague. There is nothing vague about the first part though, for, as a result of her efforts to interest women, Mme. Thayer has had the satisfaction of welcoming to this side the first woman coming over to take a post-graduate course under these conditions. This is an American, Miss Howard, and her scholarship was raised by the Society of American Women in London. It will be a pity if the colonies (for want of a better word, although most of us dislike this one) cannot also endow scholarships, in order that young women who are to devote their lives to teaching or lecturing, should have the wonderful advantages that England offers, educationally and socially, and go back with minds broadened and views enlarged, to teach the children what it means to belong to the greatest and noblest of empires.

Mme. Thayer's idea is that each woman student, to do the thing properly, must have about fifteen hundred

MME. THAYER,
Who is interested in having "Colonial" girls study in English Universities.

dollars a year, to be raised by each province or state. The scholars would be chosen by competitive examination. Is there a Cecil Rhodes in Canada, or several of them, to come forward on behalf of the Canadian women scholars? Mme. Thayer has faith in the interest of women in women and hopes for great things as the result of the Congress.

M. E. MacL. M.

Our Painted Prairies.

THE Brockville Times quotes from an article by Arthur Stringer in Canada West as follows:

"The prairie land past which we sped was turning into a vast canvas of color under the Turneresque brush of the risen sun. Stretching away before the eye were vast reaches of wheat fields—the tint of Roman gold. Beside the Roman gold, here and there was the apple green of half ripened oats. Next to this, at times, would lie the maroons and browns of summer-disked soil, and then the newly-sprouted winter wheat—milky and tender greens which left each land-undulation as soft as a woman's breast, as vocal with promise and burgeoning-to-be and subliminal fecundity and unconscious passion to bear and yield and lavish and give as a million singing girls. It overawed and humbled me. It made me feel the age of the grey east out of which I had traveled."

Then The Times remarks:

"Ah, Arthur, we are sadly disappointed in you! Here are you, who have been scourging with the scorpions of your indignant pen the writers of animal stories whom you charged with being "nature fakers," writing about the prairies being painted in a way which easily puts the nature fakers in the shade! And 'subliminal fecundity' and 'a million singing girls,'—where *have* you been, Arthur? No wonder you feel the age of the gray east out of which you had travelled,—you must be almost old enough to die after writing about our Western prairies in that brazen fashion!"

In the reception-room of the President of the United States, in the White House at Washington, is a handsome, massive desk with a wealth of carving, which has historic interest. Sir John Franklin went to discover the North Pole and never came back. His good ship Resolute drifted in the currents of the Arctic Ocean, spared from destruction in some mysterious manner, until she reached the waters off the shores of Alaska, where some American whalers boarded her and claimed her. When she reached San Francisco the United States bought her, repaired and refitted her, manned her with an American crew, and sent her to England with international compliments. The old ship was broken up about thirty years ago, and from the soundest of her timbers a handsome desk was made, by direction of Queen Victoria, to be presented to the then President of the United States. That is the desk that stands in the President's reception room, and on it the papers of at least eight administrations have been written.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

ON Wednesday, rather an off day at the Woodbine after three bright and busy ones, the welcome news of King Edward's win in the greatest racing event in England, the Derby, was greeted with much pleasure, the Royal Standard was unfurled and floated all the afternoon from a flag pole opposite the judges' stand, the band played the National Anthem, and many patriotic and loyal souls rejoiced. In the gentlemen jocks race an unfortunate contretemp was the accident to young Allen Case, who was crowded at the very first turn and unseated. The ambulance carried him off for treatment, and his friends were relieved to hear the matter was not at all serious. Seismic's win was a popular one, and so was Lovetie's, Mrs. Livingstone having missed some good luck before. The lovers of sport and the devotees of betting were all down, and the viceregal party, who have not missed a day were there as bright and interested as ever. Her Excellency has worn some beautiful and dainty costumes and most becoming hats, particularly one with its brim softly swathed in grey tulle, in which she looks charming. The Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey and Miss Hanbury-Williams, who are the young ladies of the party, have trotted about on the lawn with their Toronto friends, *sans ceremonie*, and people anxious for a peep at them, have occasionally, after much neck-craning at the viceregal box, been very much startled to find one or other of His Excellency's pretty daughters at very close quarters, unconcernedly chatting with a friend or two. Mrs. Bruce Macdonald has had her guest, Mrs. Clarence McCuaig, with her each day. Mrs. J. J. Dixon has had handsome Mrs. Clive Pringle, guest and hostess, the acme of smartness; Colonel Stimson has been the proud escort of a delightful Winnipeg girl, Miss Dorothy Chipman; Captain and Mrs. Boone have attended each afternoon, the fair English face of the pretty Guernsey lady and her dainty frocks attracting many glances. Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock and their guest Miss Ruby Ramsay, the Deancroft party, Mrs. Gooderham looking very well on Wednesday in a lovely gown and mauve hat, Miss Muriel Jarvis, a dainty little figure, in pretty gowns each day; Mrs. Jack Murray, whose white lace gown and natty hat were much admired; Mrs. Parkyn Murray, whose frocks are always artistic and becoming; Miss Irwin, who is really an artist in the definite sense, but was also an "inspiration" in a striking costume of flame and orange-shaded chiffon cloth; Miss Elsie Cotton, a new and bonnie face in smart circles; Miss Edith Snelgrove, a trim slight girl in perfect tailored suit, very young and pretty; Mr. Justice and Mrs. Mabee, the latter in a very pretty dress and handsome wrap, with white and black hat, "a very winning lady" as a friend remarked on handing her over a pool, and Miss Mabel in a dainty lingerie gown and hat to match. Mrs. Stephen Haas wore on Tuesday a perfectly tailored costume in dark blue satin-striped cloth, quite the smartest of its sort on the lawn that day; there were some equally immaculate little gowns in shepherds checks in black and white, and the natty little dames in every possible shade of Rajah looked smart and trim. Mrs. Charles Murray wore a lovely painted chiffon and Mrs. Stair a series of beautiful gowns and hats. Mrs. D. W. Alexander wore a crisp pink princess frock with much Val lace insertion; Mrs. Melvin-Jones wore a peacock green and black, and on another afternoon a leaf brown costume, both very handsome in all the details that complete a perfect turnout; Mrs. Riddell white chiffon cloth costume and white and black hat was perhaps her most becoming, though she was each day the pink of perfection in dress. Mrs. Sydney Small, a sparkling brunette, was cheerfully gowned and hatted on Opening Day (when the wind was from the east) her chapeau had huge bows of vivid red, and beside being vastly becoming was a suggestion of cosy warmth. Mrs. H. C. Osborne looked very handsome in pink, with a sailor shaped hat with many pink loops and bows for trimming. Miss Jean Milne, who was at the luncheon with her uncle Mr. R. A. Smith, wore a dove grey gown and the modish loose coarse net coat in the same shade. Mrs. Fraser had one of those smart net coats in brown over a brown voile gown, the coat edged with a handsome band of colored silk embroidery. Mrs. Gordon Osler wore a lovely white costume at the luncheon. Mrs. J. K. Kerr was one of the most smartly gowned guests at that function. Mrs. Gibson, of Beamsville, wore a handsome gown and hat with sweeping plumes shading to orange. Mrs. C. H. Ritchie was in rich purple with hat to match. Each day the viceregal ladies were presented with grand boquets from Dunlops.

Mr. Matthew Logan has sent out invitations to the marriage of his daughter, Alice Logan Lumbers, and Mr. Clarence Herbert McArthur. The ceremony will take place on Tuesday, June 8, at three o'clock at Mr. Logan's residence, 42 Isabella street.

There was a very large and handsome dinner given for Their Excellencies at Government House on Victoria Day, and those invited to meet the viceregal guests were The Premier and Lady Whitney, Sir Charles and Lady Moss, Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark, Sir William and Lady Mulock, Sir Glenholme and Lady Falconbridge, Sir William and Lady Meredith, Sir John and Lady Boyd, Sir Montague and Lady Allen, Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, Sir Thomas and Lady Shaughnessy, the Speaker of the Senate and Mrs. Kerr, Senator and Mrs. Ross, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Senator and Mrs. Gibson, Senator and Mrs. Cox, Hon. A. B. and Mrs. Aylesworth, Hon. J. J. Foy, Hon. J. S. and Mrs. Hendrie, Hon. F. and Mrs. Cochrane, Hon. A. R. and Mrs. Pyne, Hon. Adam and Mrs. Beck, President and Mrs. Seagram, Judge and Mrs. MacMahon, Judge and Mrs. Teetzel, Judge and Mrs. Anglin, Judge and Mrs. Riddell, Judge and Mrs. Latchford, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh, Mr. and Mrs. J. and Miss Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. T. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore, Mrs. F. W. Jarvis, General and Mrs. Cotton, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Malloch, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander of Meadowbank, Mr. Bartlett Maclennan, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ogilvie, Mr. A. L. Hazard-Short, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill, The Mayor and Mrs. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnstone, Mr. A. Claude Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. Mann of Fallingbrook, Mr. T. Clyde, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. George, Mr. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, Sheriff and Miss Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Mrs. Hay, Sir John and Lady Hanbury-Williams, Miss Hanbury-Williams, Lord Elphinstone, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mr. H. Lowther, Mr. and Mrs. Hobson, Miss Hobson, the Misses Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, Mr. and Mrs. Laird, Mr. and Miss Creelman, Colonel Weston Jarvis, Captain Newton, A.D.C.; Hon. J. R. and Mrs. Stratton, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Dr. and Mrs. King Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hawkins, Mrs. Hardy, Mr. George Hope, Mrs. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Shepley, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Miss Ina Matthews, Mr. T. and Miss Crerar, Major and Mrs. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Miss Leggatt, Miss Jessie Hendrie, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. Leveson Gower, Miss Gooderham of Deancroft, Major Daingerfield, Dr. Hardy, Major Macdonald.

Her Excellency is giving a garden party at Fallingbrook this afternoon. Their Excellencies entertained at dinner on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. This evening they will open the Y.W.C.A. new gym in McGill street.

Among the Montreal visitors in town this week for the Races are Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCuaig and Mr. and Mrs. W. Hope.

Invitations were out last week to the marriage of Miss Eallien Necora Melvin-Jones and Rev. T. Crawford Brown, which happy event will take place on June 16, in St. Andrew's church at half past two o'clock. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at Llawhaden.

Mrs. O'Brien of Dromoland, is visiting her son in Ottawa. Miss Marjory Grahame is in town from Porto Rico. Mr. Frank Carrel is in town from Quebec. Mrs. Timothy Eaton and her son and daughter-in-law left for Muskoka this week; they returned from England last Saturday. Mrs. Nesbitt, of Hamilton, is in town for the Races. Mrs. Mackelcan sang at an out-of-town concert on Victoria Day.

On Tuesday evening, Their Excellencies gave a large dinner at Fallingbrook, when the dining-room and the enclosed sun parlor were both put in requisition to accommodate the forty odd guests. Two tables were set and beautifully decorated with Richmond roses, lily of the valley, garlands of huge white oxeye daisies, and high candelabra with red shaded candles. Her Excellency was elegantly gowned and wore fine jewels. The guests included several young people, and those who had the honor of being invited for Tuesday were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Gibson, Miss Gibson, the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Toronto, Sir Charles and Lady Moss, Sir William and Lady Meredith, Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark, Miss Clark, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Miss Melvin-Jones, Sir James and Lady Whitney, General and Mrs. Cotton, Hon. Adam and Mrs. Beck, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander of Meadowbank, Colonel and Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, President and Mrs. Falconer, Colonel and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. Seagram, Canon and Mrs. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker, Miss Walker, Colonel and Mrs. Victor Williams, Lady Thompson, Mrs. Bowlby, Mrs. Hay, Colonel Septimus Denison, Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. D. D. Mann, Major Dangerfield, Mr. G. W. Torrance, Major Macdonald. A second dinner was given on Thursday evening.

The marriage of Miss Gladys Boultbee, younger daughter of Mrs. William Boultbee, of Ivor House, and Mr. Charles Edward Morgan Hodge, of London, England, took place in St. Thomas' Church at two o'clock on Wednesday, in the presence of the relatives and a few young friends of the bride. Canon MacNab and Rev. Hamilton Mockridge performed the ceremony and the bride was brought in and given away by her eldest brother, Dr. Alfred Boultbee. The bridal gown was *en princesse* and of soft white satin with a scarf of Limerick lace as over-dress, the lace having formed the bridal veil of the bride's mother. A tulle veil, wreath of orange blossoms, and shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley completed the bride's costume. Miss Muriel Burrows, cousin of the groom, was bridesmaid in a quaint gown of rose satin with fichu and large black hat with Beauty rose and "brides" of tulle. Her boquet was of pink roses. Mr. E. N. Nicholls of New York was best man. Mr. Carleton Monk, cousin of the bride, and Mr. Aubrey Burrows, cousin of the groom, were the ushers. The decoration of the church was eminently spring-like, apple blossoms being chosen. Mrs. Boultbee received after the marriage at 458 Markham street, the residence of her sister, Mrs. G. W. Monk, where the dejeuner was given and congratulations offered to the happy pair. Mr. and Mrs. Hodge bade adieu to Toronto when they left after their marriage, as they are sailing on the Celtic on June 5 for their home in England.

Mr. Acton Burrows gave a dinner on Tuesday night for the Hodge-Boultbee bridal party.

The home-made, home-acted and very good little opera, "The Westerners," which held the boards at the Princess the latter half of last week, deserved good patronage, and those who saw it were very much surprised at the quality and cleverness of composition and of acting. Personally I liked it so well that with a dozen other things to do, I went to see it a second time. The only thing I'd have liked to change in so thoroughly Canadian an achievement was the location of the play. Toronto has had press excursions and newspaper competitions and the Toronto tulips, or Cobalt cowslips, would have had a warmer reception than even the Denver daisies secured. The cast tackled their parts with the coolness and certainty of professionals and the bright, fresh-looking girls and the men who played gave a healthy tone to the performance that would have caused a certain evangelist to look foolish. The confidence man and his "easy money" song, the manly little hero and his pretty sweetheart were good to see and hear. We are a slow crowd in this town to recognize a really creditable and meritorious effort of our fellow citizens! "The Westerners" may, it is hoped, be only a forerunner of good things to come from Sheard, Smith and Laurence, the librettist and composers.

The Ontario Jockey Club gave a banquet at the Toronto Club on Wednesday night, of an elaborate and beautiful description, and His Excellency was guest of honor thereat.

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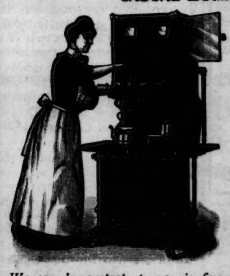

Several thousand of these are in daily use in Toronto and we've yet to hear from the first dissatisfied user.

Manufactured and sold in the United States and Canada for 26 years with unprecedented success—and sold absolutely on merit. Isn't this one good reason why you should at least let us tell you all about the Chicago Jewel before you buy any other make?

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WINES FOR WEDDINGS

A FEW OF OUR BRANDS:

CHAMPAGNES
Pol. Roger, Krug, Veuve Cliquot, Mumm's and Pommery, at $28.00 per Case, Quarts.

FOR CHAMPAGNE CUP.
Vin D'Ete Champagne, $16.00 per Case, Quarts.

FOR CLARET CUP.
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Wine Merchants - 79 YONGE ST., TORONTO
Vaults—71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge St. and 2, 4, 6 and 8 King St. East.
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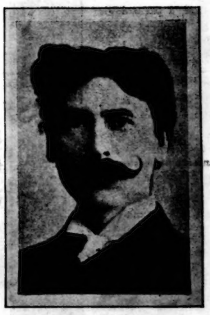
BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A SANE, useful book—one to be read with profit by parents everywhere—is "Your Boy, His Nature and Nurture," by George A. Dickinson, M.D., of Port Hope, Ont., just published by William Briggs, Toronto.

There are two ways in which a book of this sort may win an audience large enough to make the author's labor worth while. It may achieve popularity by some distinction of style or by striking originality of treatment of the matter in hand. Or it may impress everyone who reads it by its earnestness of purpose and authority of tone, and so set people talking about it, and buying it. When the qualities of distinction and sincerity go together, the work approaches greatness, but this does not often happen. Dr. Dickinson, in his volume, "Your Boy," does not seek to exploit any ultra-modern views on an old subject; he does pretend to say anything strikingly original on either the nurture or nature of boys. But he is certainly sincere. Anyone—at least anyone interested in the boy question—who reads the book perceives at the outset that here is a well-balanced, well-read medical man giving advice that should be heeded. The reader feels that the author speaks from a goodly fund of knowledge, wisdom and kindliness, accumulated by a wide experience. We are reminded that bad boys are extremely rare. Indeed Dr. Dickinson is inclined to believe that there are no really bad boys at all. All boys are human creatures in process of development, and he points out that they cannot be held responsible for their actions, either physical or moral. "If," he says, "we wish them



ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, One of the most successful of Canadian writers. His latest work, "The Biography of a Silver Fox," is adding not a little to his reputation.

to be moral, loving, just, and true, these qualities of mind must be the guiding principles of our conduct, not only toward them, but toward every one else in their presence. Children love, not because they are told to do so, but because they are loved." Every Canadian parent will find the reading of "Your Boy" to be beneficial, refreshing, and encouraging.

* * *

"The White Sister," the novel completed by F. Marion Crawford shortly before his death, has been published by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto. It has been running serially in one of the magazines, and a version of it made for the stage has met with considerable success in the Western States, where it has been played by a company headed by Viola Allen. The novel is a love story of modern Italy. The characters are removed from Roman society to quieter scenes. The heroine is robbed by ill fortune of her rank, fortune, and lover, and takes the final vows of a nursing sisterhood. Then a dramatic situation is created by the return of the lover. All who enjoy Marion Crawford's fiction will find "The White Sister" very interesting. It ranks well up with his best work.

* * *

"Set in Silver" is the title of a new novel by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto. At the opening of the story the reader is introduced to Audrie Brendon, a dashing young vocal teacher in Madame de Maluet's finishing school in France, who goes to England to impersonate Ellaline Lethbridge. The latter's guardian has never seen her, and he has just arrived from Bengal to prevent her from eloping. That is a situation for a genuine Williamson tale, is it not? Audrie goes on a motor trip through England with the guardian and his

AGNES DEANS CAMERON, The well-known Canadian writer, who last year made the most extraordinary journey ever undertaken in this country by a woman—to the Arctic Ocean by way of the Athabasca and Mackenzie Rivers.

party—a feature which ought to add to the book's popularity. And the denouement is quite satisfactory.

* * *

Julia Ward Howe, who celebrates her ninetieth birthday this month, recently said: "The deeper I drink of the cup of life the sweeter it grows—the sugar all at the bottom."

Such a sentiment expressed by one who has grown mellow with age adds an additional rose tint to the spectacles through which we look out on this queer but good old world.

* * *

"The Royal End," just issued by the Musson Book Company, Toronto, is the last novel by Henry Harland, hitherto unpublished. The story is scarcely as good as "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," by the same writer, and instead of having a royal end, it has rather a tame one, as though it had been hastily finished. Yet it is a tale that many lovers of light—very light—fiction will find extremely entertaining, even absorbing. The heroine is a girl of American birth who has lived all her life in Euorpe. The reader is introduced to her in Italy, where she is loitering with some English aristocrats. She is an orphan and wealthy. She refuses a duke's proposal of marriage, and also an offer of a morganatic union with the Crown Prince of a little European principality. Then she comes to America, her friends follow her in due time, and finally she gets the proposal she desires.

* * *

The friends of John Davidson are now certain that he must be dead, and correspondence found in his desk favors that assumption. If he has found life too hard, then there is much of pathos in these lines by him which are published in the latest issue of The Englishwoman. They are entitled "From Grub Street":

My love, my wife, three months ago,
I joined the fight in London town.
I haven't conquered yet, you know,
And friends are few, and hope is low;
Far off I see the shining crown.

I'm daunted, dear; but blow on blow
With ebbing force I strike, and so
I am not jelled and trodden down,
My love, my wife!

I wonder when the tide will flow,
Sir Oracle cease saying "No,"
And Fortune smile away her frown.
Well, while I swim I can not drown;
And while we sleep the harvests grow,
My love, my wife!

* * *

There has been quite a revival of Victor Hugo in England recently, and several new editions of "Les Miserables" have appeared. This book still holds a record for a sensational first

JOHN DAVIDSON, the English poet, who disappeared some time ago, and who is thought to have committed suicide.

edition. It appeared simultaneously in Paris, Brussels, Leipzig, London, Milan, Madrid, Warsaw, Rotterdam, Pesth, and Rio Janeiro. The first 7,000 were sold out in Paris in two days, and for a month the firm were printing new copies every day. The week after the issue of the book, the author received letters from nine women, saying they had christened their babies either Maurice or Cosette; and within the year hosts of women had written making him proposals of marriage.

* * *

No season is without its literary sensation in England, and it is said that the books which are causing a great stir and selling enormously there just now are two in number—"Tono Bungay," by H. G. Wells; and "Araminta," by J. C. Snaith.

* * *

When Mary Roberts Rinehart was a little girl she spent her summers on a farm In the kitchen of the house there was an old wooden settle with a hinged seat, and one day she lifted the top and discovered hidden treasure. Underneath Fox's "Book of Martyrs" were nearly a hundred Nick Carter novels dripping with crime and oozing with gore, and with pictures, too. They belonged to the hired man, a pale-eyed, pale-haired creature, meekness itself, who reveled in crime on the sly and dreamed of making redskins tremble at the mere mention of his name. Some go to "The Iliad" for their inspiration, some to Shakespeare or the Bible. The author of "The Circular Staircase" and "The Man in Lower Ten" cheerfully confesses that she got hers from Nick Carter at the age of nine.

* * *

The Copp, Clark Company will, in a week or so, publish a remarkable Polish novel by Waclaw Sieroszewski. The story concerns the escape of a group of people sentenced to banishment. The novel has met with remarkable success in Russia, and it is said to have lost nothing in translation.

* * *

A new novel by Richard Harding Davis, entitled "The White Mice," will be published this month.

* * *

H. G. Wells has been criticizing the Socialist leaders in England, in an article in The Christian Commonwealth. Of Bernard Shaw he says: "Shaw in matters political, as in matters educational, is a perverse eccentric: a wit with an outstanding genius for contrast and surprise, a gross sentimentalist in cynic's motley, adorable as a friend, hopelessly tiresome as an associate."

* * *

Walter P. Eaton, the scholarly dramatic who made a name for himself on The New York Sun, and who was recently dismissed by that paper because he wrote too much truth as he saw it, has written a novel, in conjunction with Miss Elise Morris Underhill. It is to be called "The Runaway Place," and will be published this month.

* * *

It is interesting to note that Rudyard Kipling's books sell as well as ever. "Captains Courageous" has just gone to press for the twelfth time, and the seventeenth edition of "The Second Jungle Book" is being printed. "The Jungle Book" itself has been given twenty-five editions.

* * *

The novel by William Dean Howells, it is announced by Harper & Brothers, which was to have been published this spring, has been postponed. A small volume, made of two dramatic poems, will take its place. HAL.

THE ONLY DOUBLE TRACK LINE TO MONTREAL IS THE GRAND TRUNK.

And four trains are run daily in each direction from and to Toronto. The *International Limited* leaving Toronto 9 a.m. daily carries library-cafe-parlor car, Pullmans and up-to-date coaches, reaching Montreal 6 p.m., a delightful ride along shore of Lake Ontario and river St. Lawrence.

Night express at 10.15 p.m., the *Business Man's train* carries regularly four Pullmans and often more, and reaches Montreal 7.40 a.m.

Superb road-bed and double track contributes to safety. Secure tickets and make reservations at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. 'Phone Main 4209.

Dolly—When they came back from their wedding trip he had just $2.98 in his pocket. Polly—The stingy thing.—Puck.

Professor—What was Nero's great crime? Bright Pupil—He played the fiddle.—Chicago Daily News.

Spring Poetry that Counts.

THE bards may sing of the flowers of spring
That garnish the grave of winter,
But they don't appeal to the inward feel
Of this particular printer.
He never longs for the classical songs
In April cold and sadish,
But he's carried away with the ragtime lay
Regarding a red, red radish.
As a thrilling theme for a poet's dream
Is the lettuce ever beaten?
The crocus smiles in the forest aisles,
But the crocus can't be eaten.
So run away with your virelay
Of violet, rose, or pansy;
Sing me a song of a bean pod long
Or a rollicking onion stanza.
—Newark Evening News.

Feminine Superlatives.

"WHY, Laura, of *all* beings!" came in ecstatic tones from the girl with the pony-skin coat. "The idea of our meeting! Isn't it the *weirdest* luck!"

"Perfectly *marvelous!*" assented the girl with the fur turban. "Wherever have you been?"

"Matinee. Saw Faversham in 'The World and His Wife.' You've been so *fortunate*, of course. Isn't he the *grandest* thing?"

"*The grandest ever.* I'm *crazy* about him, aren't you?"

"*Absolutely.* I thought I should *never* get over that third act. Wasn't it just *perfect?*"

"*Grandly perfect*, my dear. Think of her *really* and *truly* falling in love with him *after all.* It was *sweetly* entrancing. Were you *agitated?*"

"*Agitated* to a *degree*, my love. I thought I should *fall* out of my *seat.*"

"And *oh*, that gown of Julie Opp's in the first act! Wasn't it above all words?"

"Oh, didn't you *l-o-v-e* it?"

"Perfectly *wild* about it!"

"And then that *brother* of Julian's Wasn't he *low* and *detestable!*"

"Thoroughly *abhorrent! Thoroughly!*"

"Well, good-by, dear. I's *so* glad you liked the play."

"*Liked* it? Why, I was *mad* about it."—Elgin Burroughes, in Lippincott's.

A Verse to Spring.

A VERSE to spring? Prefer the snow
To winds that bid the violets blow?
The very soul within us cries:
"Give us, if need be, dripping skies,
But no more 6° to 8° below!"

Jack Frost is dead. Dan Cupid, though,
Rules, and his sceptre is a bow.
He is not (bless his bandaged eyes!)
Averse to spring.
Then, too, as seasons come and go,
True poets give them greeting. So
With silent prayers to One-Who-Buys,
This very rondeau forthwith hies
To "Messrs. Editors and Co."—
"A verse to Spring."
Warwick James Price, in Lippincott's.

THE belief that an editor knows everything is widespread, but one small boy discovered the limitations of the editorial mind. Here is the anecdote as we got it from a contemporary:

"Father," asked the small boy of an editor, "is Jupiter inhabited?"

"I don't know, my son," was the truthful answer.

Presently he was interrupted again.

"Father, are there any sea serpents?"

"I don't know, my son."

The little fellow was manifestly cast down, but presently rallied and again approached the great source of information.

"Father, what does the north pole look like?"

But, alas! again the answer: "I don't know, my son."

At last, in desperation, he inquired, with withering emphasis, "Father, how did you get to be an editor?"

A PATRONIZING young lord was seated opposite the late James McNeill Whistler at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation he arranged his monocle and leaned forward toward the artist.

"Aw, d'y know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I pahssed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Whistler, quietly, "Thank you very much."

The Imperial Bank of Canada has passed into its thirty-fifth year. During the past twelve months this institution, as noted in detail in the annual report published in another column, has expanded its business in a notable manner. As compared with a year ago, deposits have increased about 20 per cent, while the discount loans have increased from $23,000,000 to $26,000,000. In the same period of time the savings accounts show an increase of $2,500,000, and the total assets of the bank now figure a little upward of $50,000,000. The net profits of the bank after making all the usual deductions for bad and doubtful debts, etc., amount to $743,000.

Teacher—Where was the Magna Charta signed? Intelligent Boy—At the bottom, sir.—Harvard Lampoon.

Costumes on Sale at Reduced Prices

In the REA STORE, 168 Yonge St.

The costumes concerned are exclusive.

Prices are inclusive and enticing.

There you have the contrast which makes the Rea Store's clearing operations of supreme Race Week interest for women.

Dainty Lingerie Dresses of white mull, trimmed with French Valenciennes lace, $20.00 to $50.00 for $18.00 to $35.00.

Linen Dresses, made Princess style, prettily trimmed with Irish crochet lace and insertion, $40.00 to $90.00 for $25.00 to $65.00.

Sleeveless Lace Coats, $25.00 to $150.00, for $15.00 to $100.00.

Exclusive Tailored Suits

Handsome, unusual Suits, such as one goes to New York for.

The handsome, original prices have been moderated.

Cream Serge Suits, strictly tailored, in plain, cream and hairline stripe; coat made 3-button cutaway with inlaid silk collar and cuffs; plain 9-gore skirt. Regular $45.00, for $25.00.

Imported French Panama Suits, colors fawn, taupe and navy; plain tailored hipless coat, trimmed with fancy buttons, panel front; 7-gore skirt. Regular $65.00, for $49.00.

Three-piece Suit of Prunella Cloth, in rose shade, pearl grey, navy and black, sleeves and yoke of fishnet, hand embroidered. Regular $125.00, for $75.00.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED

25¢ PER PACKAGE

ALBANY CIGARETTE

E. L. Smith, (Regd)

A High Grade Smoke of Distinctively Delicate Flavor

MADE BY C. & E. HAWKINS MONTREAL

For Sale in Toronto by

WM. GOLDSTEIN & CO., - - 82 YONGE STREET

RUINART CHAMPAGNE

This famous wine is becoming recognized in Canada as superior to all others.

The word "Ruinart" on a bottle is the surest possible guarantee of champagne quality.

HIGH CLASS RESIDENTIAL LOTS

Jackes Avenue, on the brow of the hill, adjoining Reservoir Park, exceptionally deep lots covered with fruit and other trees. The restrictions ensure high class residences only. Handsome dwellings now on the street and one-third of the lots already sold. See plan.

H. G. Hopkirk, 101 Bay Street

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

ON Saturday last at one o'clock, at 57 Avenue Road, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Petrie, the marriage of Mr. Charles George Schaffter, of Winnipeg, and Miss Alice Mary Pugh, was celebrated by Rev. James Bell, of Balmy Beach in the presence of about a score of relatives and intimate friends. The ceremony wes performed in the drawing room, the bride and groom standing in the bay window, which was prettily wreathed with ferns and enchantress carnations, soft pink-shaded candles and gas-olier supplying the light. The bride wore a very beautiful *lingerie* gown, with insets of lace, and fine embroideries, her pretty brown hair was parted and softly waved, and her boquet was a shower of sweet peas and lily of the valley. The bridesmaid, Miss Grace Grey, was in white with white hat, and boquet of sweet peas and two charming little flower girls, Phyllis and Mildred Petrie, nieces of the groom, preceded the bride into the drawing room. They were in white, with pink ribbons, and carried fancy baskets full of oxeye daisies and pink sweet peas. Mr. Fred Pugh, of Winnipeg, was best man. After the ceremony the bridal party gathered around a handsomely decorated table for the dejeuner, quartette tables being arranged for other guests. Mrs. Schaffter, mother of the groom, who a short time ago had the misfortune to fall from a chair and fracture her hip, was able for the first time to come down and take her place at the head of the table. Some of the guests were, Mr. and Mrs. Pugh, Mrs. Hastings and Mrs. Hewes Oliphant, Mr. and Mrs. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Beamish, Miss Lake, Mr. Archibald. The bridal gifts included a cabinet of silver, cut glass, china, pictures and many handsome trifles for the bride's use, all of which will help to beautify her home in Winnipeg. Mr. and Mrs. Schaffter are spending their honeymoon in American cities, going to Winnipeg by way of Chicago.

Mrs. Alfred Wright, wife of one of our leading insurance managers, was Miss Emily Nicol, and since her marriage has been always in the van of the bright young social set. Her taste in the arrangement of her home in Crescent road, in the selection of her own dainty chiffons and

MRS. ALFRED WRIGHT AND HER DAUGHTER HELEN.

ornaments, and in the entertaining of her friends (among whom she is very popular), is known to all of them. Her bright little ones, one of whom, Miss Helen, is with her, in the portrait reproduced this week, are a credit to her care and training.

Among those enjoying the music of the Hungarian band at McConkeys have been Mr. and Mrs. Harry Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Macdougall, Mr. Charlie Band, Mr. Gerald Larkin. Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone, Mr. J. K. Osborne, Mr. Pearson, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Ellwood Moore, Mrs. Reynolds, and scores of others. On Tuesday evening Mr. Walker gave a pretty dinner in the Nile room.

Mrs. Munro, Major street, announces the engagement of her daughter, Annie, to Mr. Edward Montague Ashworth of this city. The wedding will take place quietly in June.

News from Miss Mollie Plummer, of Sylvan Tower, and her *campagnon de voyage* and friend Miss Ethel Baldwin, tells of a delightful time being enjoyed in Normandy.

The auspicious opening of the O.J.C. May meeting on Saturday was followed by a second grand day on Monday, even better in climatic conditions because instead of a chill east wind there was a gentle west and south breeze, and the sun was quite hot. On the opening day 'twas a brave woman who wore her laces and muslins, her Gretchen neck and transparent quimpe and sleeves, indeed the majority of the fair ones followed the good example of the first lady in the land, and carried a long cosy wrap over their fineries. The Viceregal party made their *entree* in the State carriage drawn by four horses with postillions up, and the quaint garb and powdered hair of the latter was a delight to the *hoi-polloi* in the lower enclosure. The Governor-General and Countess Grey were welcomed to the meeting by the President of the Jockey Club, and Mrs. Bowlby, his daughter, presented Her Excellency with a splendid boquet of orchids and lily of the valley. Mrs. Melvin-Jones, wife of the second Vice-president, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mrs. John Hendrie and Mrs. W. P. Fraser were in the group assembled to greet their Excellencies on their arrival. The Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, Sir John and Lady Hanbury-Williams, Miss Hanbury-Williams, Colonel Weston Jarvis, (who is an old school friend of His Excellency, having been, I am told, his "fag" at college), Lord Lascelles, Mr. Leveson Gower, Captain Newton, A.D.C., and Mr. Arthur Sladen were with the Ottawa party. Others from the Capital were Hon. and Mrs. Clifford Sifton with Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fauquier with Mr. Arnoldi, Colonel Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Northrup, and several others. Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark were in the Government House box, guests of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, who was at the meeting with Mr. Hope Gibson, and Major Fraser Macdonald. In the Hendrie box was a very attractive family party from Hamilton, Detroit and Toronto. In the Seagram box were the Toronto and Waterloo ladies, daughters and "in-laws" of the President. Mr. and Mrs. Hees had their sons and daughters in their family party, Mrs. Harris Hees looking very dainty and sweet in a mauve gown and hat. Mr. Will Hees is up from New York for the Races also. Mr. and Mrs. Case had Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzee and some others in their party. Among the pretty visitors in town is Miss Dorothy Chipman of Winnipeg, who has been very much admired each day. On Victoria Day she was especially charming in pink crepe with burnous wrap of pink cloth and lace straw hat quaintly shaped and trimmed with flowers. Mr. James Ross and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross, Miss Ruby Ramsay, from Montreal; Mrs. Jack Hood, looking radiant; Mrs. McGibbon, Mr. Sands, Mrs. Eno, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Harty, of Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Osler, of Bronte; Mr. Gibbons and Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbons and Colonel Smith, of London, Mrs. Nesbit, Mr. P. D. Crerar, of Hamilton, Miss Patterson, of Winnipeg, Mrs. Pryme, Mrs. Livingstone, of New York, Mr. Clifford Brown of Victoria, B. C., Mr. and Mrs. Clive Pringle of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan Owen, Miss Michie of London, England, Mrs. Campbell Sweeney, of Vancouver, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Gordon, Lady de Hochepied Larpent, Mrs. Joseph, of Montreal, richly gowned, Mr. and Miss Creelman of Montreal, the latter a picture in a pink wrap and hat wreathed with pink flowers, the Misses Allen of Montreal, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, were a few of the out-of-town visitors on Saturday and Monday. The most distinguished looking stranger on the lawn was Mrs. Livingstone, in a black trained gown and long coat with wide sleeves, and ecru toque with beautiful osprey and gold clasp.

Colonel Stimson gave a dinner for Miss Dorothy Chipman at the Hunt Club, last Saturday.

The women who always do their own city credit were as usual beautifully gowned and full of the spirit of the hour, a gay hilarity and interest in all that was going on, on track and lawn. There were any number of brides and brides to be, pretty young matrons chaperoning lovely girls, elderly men and women who have gone to the Woodbine for a quarter of a century and who were heard to say that they never saw a more perfect day or more satisfactory racing than this year. Mrs. Duncan, nee Armour, who was golfing on Tuesday and had won her way to the finals for the prize, turned up at the course in the afternoon in a trim little gown and pretty hat. Mrs. Christie, always a delight to the eye, was smartly gowned each day in her princess gown of light material with black satin wrap with embroidery and flower trimmed hat being most becoming. The luncheon for Their Excellencies on Tuesday was particularly well arranged, the cool air making the cosy lunch room, fluted on walls and ceiling with deep red and gold, very comfortable, and the flowers on the tables were in red, with a grand decoration scheme and many red shaded candles. The Governor-General took in Mrs. Melvin-Jones and Mr. Seagram escorted Countess Grey. The directors, Mr. Smith, Mr. R. J. Christie, Mr. Torrance, Mr. D. W. Alexander, sat at the foot of each long table, four of which were stretched from the head table the length of the large room. General and Mrs. Cotton, Colonel Septimus Denison, Colonel and Mrs. Victor Williams, Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Bell were some of the military set present. The Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, Sir John and Lady Hanbury-Williams and Miss Williams, Sir Mortimer Clark, Miss Elsie Clark, Col. and Mrs. Hendrie, Mr. Hendrie of Detroit, "Uncle George" to many of the Hamilton contingent; Miss Hendrie, Miss Phyllis Hendrie, Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. Hal Osler, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mr. Beardmore, Mr. A. O. Beardmore, Dr. and Mrs. D. King Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clark, Colonel and Mrs. Gooderham, Senator and Mrs. Kerr, of Rathnelly, Mrs. Hay, Dr. and Mrs. Elliott, Mr. D. D. Mann, Mr. R. A. Smith, Miss Jean Milne, Mrs. Ghent Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Pringle, Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Senator and Mrs. Gibson, were a few of those at the luncheon. The toasts of the King and the Governor-General were honored, the latter toast being added, perhaps, in honor of the Semi-Centennial anniversary of the gala day, this year's being the fiftieth King's or Queen's plate race. His Excellency responded in a speechlet of two minutes, saying that he thought it was growing late and the ladies would probably be anxious to get their money placed at the East End. Tuesday, although the day of the luncheon, was not a "top hat" day, and His Excellency and many of his friends wore the more comfortable christie felts and not unwelcome overcoats. The various regimental bands played in turn each afternoon, and a pleasant little visit was made by privileged guests to the pretty little boudoir where Mrs. Fraser presides over her dainty hospitalities with a charming tact and cordiality. Each of the wives of the directors has her little coterie of guests, and on each day Their Excellencies enjoyed an excellent cup of tea with the ladies aforesaid. The luncheon this year was very nice, by some voted the best yet served at the Woodbine. The absence of glaring colors in the gowns this season gives a rather demure tone to the lawn, greys and taupes and whites predominated and only here and there was a bolder tone, even the pinks and blues and greens being soft and faint and delicate. And the hats are rarely cocky or flaring in style, the inverted butter-bowl being much the reverse and tending to further subdue and restrain erratic effects. The backward spring has gotten in its subduing touch also, the beautiful elms were almost bare, and the pansies set thickly in the 'tween fences garden, looked discouraged. Now and then the usual jubilation over a winning long shot such as was Punky on Tuesday, woke up the echoes.

The King's Plater, Shi-monese (the Japanese name for the new smokeless powder), repeated her dam's victory on Saturday. Six years ago, Lyddite, the clever Hendrie filly came in a leader for the plate, and great joy reigned at Holmestead in consequence. A spectator of Saturday's victory said "How the good old President would have enjoyed seeing Shi-monese do that!" and the sigh which followed told eloquently that Hendrie of Holmestead is often in the thoughts of his friends at the Woodbine. After so many seasons made brighter by his hearty enthusiasm, his memory is still kept very green.

Parisian Art and Beauty in Parasols

Paris, the recognized centre of the artistic world, has not turned out for the admiration of Canadian Society more beautiful Parasols than we show this season—

Parasols always play an important part in the summer attire of the fashionable world—this year the many decided innovations in style will increase that demand.

One particularly noticeable feature is the extra long rod, a parasol resembling the staff so fashionable during the period of Shepherdess styles and powdered wigs. Another noteworthy style is the spotted and fringed effects. Only one of a kind and each one entirely hand worked. The fringe is long, giving a particularly smart, animated and graceful effect. Handles are both straight and crook, and though many plainer effects are shown the favorites are those fluffy, lacy, softer looking parasols.

These few are but suggestions of our varied assortment of elegant, high grade Parasols.

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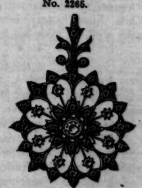

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THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE HOUSE

How it Abolished Taxes, Reduced Inflated Real Estate Prices, and Made the Old Stationary House a Back-Number.

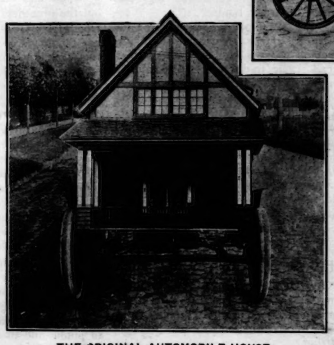
By NORMAN HARRIS

WITHAL, I think I am justified in the general statement that my introduction of the automobile house has proved one of the really useful acts of the period.

First of all it was the automobile house, itself something radical. Then it became the automobile house with punt attachment, and now we are tinkering away at a house that may fly, because it is as well to admit that a house that can skim over the ground and move through the water is limited, unless also it can move through the air.

We are losing the sense of the novelty of it, but certainly it was strange at first to see a row of automobile houses on Cowan avenue, Parkdale, move off one after another in the morning hours, strike their respective gaits downtownwards, leaving on the street but a few old-time stationary houses, looking very lonely and depreciated in value, as well they might. The up-to-date automobile house, in its latest perfection, is a thing of polished wood, plate glass and steel, and until we get the streets widened to 200 feet they are made to accommodate a family not larger than eight persons. The only regret is that there are no photographs of the most modern house of this style that can be used to illustrate here. But the next best thing is to show pictures of the original automobile house, and to tell how it came about.

As everyone knows, of course, real estate values have gone to flinders since the advent this year of the automobile house, taxi-cabin (with apologies to the Toronto Press Club), and officemobile. What people purchase now is merely a "stand," and as one stand is pretty nearly as good as another, and as "stands" are being constantly traded and interchanged, no fixed basis of value calculation is possible. The result is that whereas land on St. George street was worth $100 per foot or more or less, purchases by those who still insist on building a stationary house, are made at a tenth of that figure. This is truly remarkable, seeing that the automobile house is yet in its infancy.



THE ORIGINAL AUTOMOBILE HOUSE.

The writer conceived the idea one day when a large touring car was backed up on the street. An expert from the Dominion Automobile Company was called in. He was shown the house, a two-story affair, named "Stopurkickin," and was asked what could be done in the way of slipping under it an automobile carriage, and devising special apparatus so that it could be run from a seat in front or from the dining-room. This man laughed loudly at first, and said the thing was the wildest pipe-dream that he had ever come across. He started to move away.

Betraying no undue haste or eagerness, or even petulance, we told him we supposed he would act that way, and stated that we would get a Canada Cycle & Motor man up. Then he got down to business.

"You'll have to lose your cellar," he said, contracting his brows.

"All right," we said.

"The house will have to be stiffened with steel," was his next jibe at us.

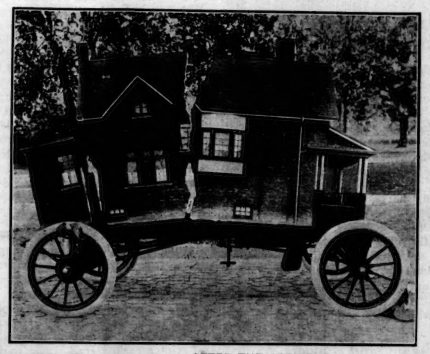
"Stiffen her," we responded.

We talked and planned. He made notes and drawings, measured the base of the house, calculated the weight, thought about strain, rang up a gasoline engine company, asked the City Engineer the strength of asphalt pavement construction, and finally became interested. This latter we felt sure he would do in the end. In the course of time men came along and cut the house off at the cellar line. The furnace was taken out and sold. Then the cellar excavation was filled in with earth, hardpan and gumbo, over which six inches of concrete was laid. But no; that is too fast.

The house was cut off as aforesaid. Then a false flooring was put in. Then the thing was jacked up. Next drays brought the automobile end of it. This was slipped under the house. It took a day to do it. The house was then unjacked, so to speak, and rested in a foot-high metal box. A forty horse-power engine was installed, and the rest of the machinery was screwed together. All this time the wheels were suspended. Then the cellar was filled, and the concrete "stand" was laid. When it hardened the house was let down. It rested on the wheels, which were braked.

No one slept much in that house that night. Our time for getting down to business is about as near 7.30 a.m. as we can make it. Heretofore that meant waking at 6 a.m., rising at 6.30, breakfasting at 7, and proceeding hurriedly for a street car.

On this particular morning we set the horn for 6.30 a.m. for the others in the house, and at a quarter to seven for ourselves. We rose, took a look out the front window, started the engine going, grasped the wheel, pushed the lever, and the first automobile house in the world moved slowly off its base, slid onto the street, took a short half turn, and was on its way downtown. We allowed one of the others to steer while we finished dressing. At 7.15 the automobile house had rolled down to Spadina avenue and King streets, at which time we sat down to breakfast. Fifteen minutes later our house drew up at the office, and we left it at 7.30 sharp.



AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

The others were delighted with everything except that a lot of people who had never seen an automobile house before crowded round and actually blocked progress. The others decided that as the day was fine, they would do a little shopping. So they proceeded slowly up Yonge street, still attracting attention, and finally put on speed and sailed out twenty miles in the country, returning to the office in time for us to get aboard and prepare for dinner.

The greatest inconvenience occasioned by changing from a fixed house to a movable one lay in the fact that it cut out the use of a telephone. But of course in less than a month there were a hundred more automobile houses built, many of them great improvements on the original design. When the records of the City Hall showed that Toronto possessed 2,000 of these moving homes, the Bell Telephone Company built throughout the city a series of side-rails over which a sleeve set in the side of the house fitted. Thus one had only to run to a rail to get a connection. This idea was utilized also to secure electric service for both lighting and heating.

Here is what the first automobile house cost:

Cost of house	$4,000
Engine	250
Wheels, etc.	600
Gearing, etc.	230
Completion of stand	200
Total	$5,280

We will anticipate a little to state that the second automobile house we built cost much less.

But as to the first. Too much cannot be said of the delightful change it proved. Sometimes we ran the house back, after being at the theatre at night, to our own stand. More often we would run it to an entirely different section of the city. Thus we would breakfast at Balmy Beach, and dine on the Lake Shore road opposite Lorne Park. Or we would wake up in High Park and have dinner near Scarborough. We learned more in a month about this city than we had previously known after years of living in the one spot on the same street.

On one occasion we were having a little dinner party, and as we were having new blinds fitted, we rolled the house down town in the afternoon so the blind man could come out and use his rule on the windows. The meat man had not delivered the roast at 4.30 we found when we got back to our stand, and we began to get impatient. The others were already impatient. After telephoning several times, we finally blurted out:

"We'll take the house down there and see what that beggar's up to."

He saw the house coming, and rushed to the door with the parcel.

"I've got a notion to run over your horse and cart," I said, as we wheeled quickly and went back.

It is one thing to send for a doctor in a hurry, on an emergency, and quite another to speed your house to where the doctor lives, and honk him out of bed.

We took the automobile house with us everywhere, and the first offer we had, we got rid of our "stand." By so doing we eliminated taxes, which was before a considerable item. We went for a delightful two weeks' holiday trip through the country. Our speed was about six miles an hour average. We could go ten if we had to.

As before stated, it was a queer sight to see rows of automobile houses wake up in the morning. The first early bird would throw open a window shutter, and test the engine. Then the odor of coffee and bacon would begin to float out of many of the electric kitchens. One house would glide to the street. Another would follow. By eight o'clock a procession would be in line bound for the city.

We had one awful scare. We left our house on Duncan street while we went into the Royal Alexandra Theatre one evening. After the show we prepared to go home, but found our house had disappeared. Another was in its stead, but there was no sign of "Stopurkickin." The street was full of brilliantly lighted houses awaiting the arrival of owners, but ours was gone.

We rang up 222, which is the police.

"Some one, probably by mistake, has gone away with our house, No. 3, and left their house in its place," we said.

The police sent out an alarm, and got it back for us. It was found deserted down near the Don. Some one had held a card party in it.

A clever launch man devised a permanent hull for our house. This hull was stationed at Sunnyside, with a runway leading to it. When the desire to get on the water took us, we ran the house out onto the hull, clamped it tight, and then drew up the wheels and slid into the water. Connections with our engine ran the screw.

We had two accidents. The first occurred at Queen and Dundas streets when we ran into a street car. The shock put the car out of business and tilted our house back so that every dish in the kitchen broke. The machinery was damaged also.

We were sued over this, but we proved that the house was not negligent, and won.

The second mishap was the worst. On May 14, in the middle of Jarvis street, we ran into a deep rut in the road made by a house that was too heavy to have run there. Without warning, "Stopurkickin" broke in two. We had to go to a stationary hotel for the night where we suffered, for the hotel was not set so that it caught the breeze, and it could not of course be shifted. We sold "Stopurkickin" to a Jew man, and ordered our new automobile house. Pictures of it are not yet completed.

A Table Dainty For A Dainty Table

A new sugar—sweeter, more inviting than sugar has ever been before.

"Crystal Diamonds" are sparkling tablets made from the choicest cane sugar and represent the very latest and greatest achievement in sugar refining. An ornament to any table.

"Crystal Diamonds"

Your grocer should have them—in attractive 5 pound cartoons or by the pound.

"CRYSTAL DIAMOND DOMINOS" are larger than "Crystal Diamonds" and are especially for coffee. Ask your grocer. 3

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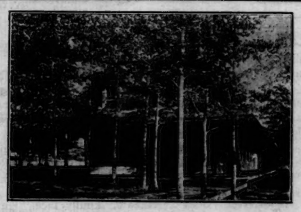

View of Recreation Hall in connection with Bellevue Hotel.

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NO HAY FEVER HERE

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Girl with the Clara Morris Eyes—I always feel like a fool when I try to talk about art. Girl with the Viola Allen Voice—You don't need to feel that way. If you lean your head a little to one side when you look at a painting, and throw in a remark now and then about "perspective" and "tonal values" you can pass for an art critic with the best of them.—Chicago Tribune.

"So Bliggins has written a historical novel?" "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "Who is the hero of the book?" "The man who has undertaken to publish it."—Washington Star.

"How's collections at your church, Brudder Shinn?" "Well, we aint nebber had to stop in de middle ob a collection to go an' empty de box."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 22 TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 29, 1909, No. 33

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE

Loyal to Adam Beck.

THAT loyalty pays was illustrated in the first race of the opening day of the present Woodbine race meet. In that race there was entered Jack Parker, a horse belonging to Hon. Adam Beck, "the Minister of Power" in the Ontario Government.

Now, Adam Beck is a favorite with the newspaper reporters, and they were inclined to put up a little cash on his horse because of their feeling of loyalty to him. That inclination was strengthened to decision when Mr. Beck said to them:

"This horse has beaten Photographer in the trials. He may go up in the air and come in last, but he'll win in one of the races."

So the reporters put some cash up on Jack Parker for that first race, which was also the first real race of that horses's career and the Beck entry justified the boys' loyalty by coming home a winner and making some cash for them.

The Last Resort.

CAUSTIC controversialist as he is, the Hon. S. H. Blake, K.C., enjoys a joke even when the tables are turned against him.

During the recent trouble between the higher critics and the orthodox Christians a young reporter on one of the evening papers was delegated several times to interview Mr. Blake. Finally the personality of the younger man impressed the legal warrior. Swerving suddenly from the course of conversation, he asked:

"And what might your name be?"

"Hallam," replied the reporter. "Douglas Hallam, sir."

"Any relation to the late Ald. John Hallam?" questioned the elder man.

"Yes, sir; his eldest son," answered the interviewed interviewer.

"Well, well; and so you're John Hallam's son. How came it that you sank so low as to reach journalism?" said the great lawyer gravely but with twinkling eyes. The twinkle, however, quickly changed to a stare of astonishment as the heir of the former civic magnate and leather merchant replied modestly:

"Well, sir, you see there were only two things left for me to try—newspaperdom and the law."

A Canadian Who Was Lincoln's Friend.

THOSE who have read the Lincoln literature with which for the past twelvemonth the newspapers and magazines have justly been deluged, have heard a good deal about Joseph Medill, who in later days became the most eminent journalist of the middle west, but few are aware that Joseph Medill was a Canadian. No politician or statesman ever attains any position in the world in a democracy without a few newspaper "pals," with whom he can sit down and talk out his ideas without fear of their publication until the proper time comes, and who are in a position to make things clear to the general public and clear up, as a public man is seldom able to do effectively, any misapprehensions with which the public mind may have become possessed. That is precisely what Joseph Medill did for Lincoln, and it is intimated by Miss Tarbell, one of the great statesman's numerous worshippers, that after Lincoln became president Medill wanted to become adviser in chief and made trips to Washington to tell the object of his loyalty, and indeed adoration, that he was going wrong.

But the point of interest for Canadians is that the newspaper man who did more than anyone else to make Lincoln the nominee of the Republican party and the president of the United States was a Canadian of Scottish-Irish ancestry, born in Frederickton, N.B., in 1823. It is true that he was to all intents and purposes an American, for when he was nine years old his father, a farmer, took his family to what he deemed the more congenial regions of Canton, Ohio. When only twenty-six years old he was editor of a paper which did not advocate the abolition of slavery in the states where it was already established, but was bitterly opposed to its extension to any of the new territories then being opened up for settlement. As students of the political history of the English speaking part of this continent are aware, this was Lincoln's initial policy, though he was afterwards forced to carry it to its logical development. As editor of The Chicago Tribune in later years and as first citizen of Chicago, a city whose English speaking population is in a very large degree Canadian, his fame became widespread, and in a reckoning of what the United States owes to Canada the name of Joseph Medill would be our side of the ledger.

How He Played His Last Dollar.

THERE are some who win at the races, but more who lose, and more still who go broke. The other day a local man was telling why he quit playing them.

"I have heard every kind of theory advanced," he said, "as to how to beat the books. You will hear about playing on form, and playing on 'the dope'; and following some system of cumulative betting that will make your fortune. The most generally accepted system, however, with the betting fiend is the 'hunch' which means a certain mystic signal conveying to the better in advance which horse is going to win, whether on his merits or not. Some years ago I spent a couple of afternoons at the Woodbine. I went there with quite a roll and played eleven races in succession, losing every one. Finally I went down to the ring with my last dollar in my pocket. There was a horse on the board named 'Last Dollar.' He was fifty to one in the dollar books and eight to one in the two dollar books. 'That's a hunch,' I said, and walking over to the dollar books I put up my last dollar. The brute ran last. It was the wrong kind of a hunch, so I quit."

The Indian and His Wives.

AN Anglican clergyman, who for some years worked in the wilds of New Ontario, has this story to tell of an old Indian whom he converted. It is not widely known but it is true that polygamy is practised by some of the pagen tribes of Canada. The Indian in question was a fine old buck, straightforward and honorable in his dealings, but after he had accepted salvation the missionary in question learned that he had three wives. He endeavored to induce the old man to content himself with one like a decent Christian citizen, but the redman remained obdurate.

"My first wife old," he said; "Me turn her out, she starve."

"Of course," said the missionary, "keep her by your side, but what about the other two?"

"My second wife, she strong," said the Indian. "She do all the work. couldn't do without her."

"And the third?" queried the missionary.

"Ah, she nice girl," said the old man. "She only seventeen; me no part with her on any account."

Mark Twain and Rogers.

THE manager of one of the local branches of the Canadian Bank of Commerce tells an interesting story showing Mark Twain's quick wit and also his warm friendship for the late H. H. Rogers, the multi-millionaire whose death recently caused a flurry on Wall street. The banker met them both in Bermuda about two years ago. Twain and Rogers were inseparable, so much so that another guest at the hotel where they were all staying was led to remark on it.

"I don't see how it is, Mr. Clemens," he said to the humorist, "that you can be so intimate with a man like Rogers. You know of course what a financial pirate he is, and that his money is tainted——"

"Certainly it is tainted," interrupted Twain, "doubly tainted—'tain't mine and 'tain't yours."

Concerning Rogers himself the Toronto banker says that he was a strikingly goodlooking old man, with beautiful white hair and mustache, and a handsome kindly face. He was not at all in appearance the sort of man you would expect from the stories of his ruthless business methods. His manner, too, was extremely affable and pleasant, and his wit was so keen and ready that he frequently worsted even Twain in conversational fencing.

"Twain would say the wiser and bigger things and the more solidly humorous," said the banker telling about it, "but Rogers was the more nimble wit. He was quick as a flash and I have often heard the laugh go up at one of his hits, as he and Twain sat in the midst of their friends and a perfect cloud of smoke. I don't think I ever saw either Twain or him without a big black cigar puffing away furiously."

His Favorite Paper Fooled Him.

PEOPLE will bet, whether horses run or not, and there are some dead sure things no safer than a horse race. This a Toronto man found out when he wagered the price of a silk hat on the reliability of his favorite newspaper. A friend interrupted his perusal of the columns of the sporting page to ask the day of the month. The enquirer was told it was the 21st, but a bystander opined that it was still the 20th. The man with the paper in his hand, consulted the head of the page, and repeated his former assertion, and further argument led to the laying of a bet. There was no appeal to The New York Clipper, nor to any Answers to Questions column. A common calendar decided against the man with the newspaper, and he smiled and paid over. In some mysterious manner the paper of the twentieth had come out dated a day ahead.

When Lloyd-George Was in Canada.

CANADIANS who came into contact with Mr. Lloyd-George when he was in Canada were struck with the restless energy of the man and his unconventional point of view. He asked questions out of the ordinary, and, instead of trying to make-over Canada into another little England, was always trying to find out the reasons for any differences he might observe. He was apparently convinced that there were good reasons for differences and he wished to find out what they were. He remarked upon the opportunity of a new country starting out without a long list of customs and institutions, some of which they might desire to retain but some of which they would never introduce, seeing they had outlived their usefulness in other lands.

He happened to be in Winnipeg at the time of the first snowfall of the winter. He was curious to note how soon wheels gave way to runners, and how the coming of winter caused road traffic to increase. He said on this occasion that in Britain as a general thing the coming of snow meant misery and trouble. In Canada, with its thousands of miles of unpayed roads, on the contrary, snow meant comfort and convenience in getting about and in teaming products to market. He instanced how impossible it would be to get Western Canada's wheat crop to market if it had to be hauled over rain-soaked unfrozen roads all autumn and winter.

Even in those days, when power seemed far enough away, the brainy little Welshman impressed those who met him as being a coming man.

A Royal Victory.

THERE is always joy when a favorite wins; but when the victory happens to be the classic of the English turf, and when the horse belongs to the most popular sportsman in all England, the joy becomes wild enthusiasm. King Edward's great win at Epsom with Minoru has been hailed with delight all over the British Empire, not because he is the official head of the Empire—for these distinctions count little in sport—but because he is one of the best and most popular sportsmen in England, and because he has stood bravely by the game in spite of years of continued failure to land any of the big prizes. Ever since Diamond Jubilee won the Derby nine years ago, lean year has followed lean year, but he has gone on trying, and everyone feels that his victory is a well-earned one. Another cause for rejoicing in England is that it will probably offset the attacks of reformers on the turf. As for the colt Minoru which carried off the Blue Ribbon, it was bred by Colonel Hall Walker and only leased to the King for racing purposes, so that unless the transaction has taken place since the winning of the Two Thousand Guineas, the King does not even own the horse. This, of course, takes somewhat from the King's victory, and makes it somewhat less satisfactory than the victories of Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, which he had bred himself.

A rather regrettable feature of the race was Sir Martin's fall. This American horse was heavily supported, and it is altogether too bad that its backers should not have had at least a run for their money. It might not have affected the result, but at least the King's victory would have been the more decisive, and there could be no doubt that the best horse won.

The First Sportsman of England.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING'S MINORU, WINNER OF THE DERBY.

"Ontario's Milkman."

MR. W. BERT ROADHOUSE of the reportorial staff of The Evening Telegram, Toronto, has been appointed by the Ontario Government as Secretary of the Provincial commission to investigate the milk problem, and that gave his fellow-reporters a chance for much good-natured chaffing this week.

"Ontario's milkman," was one title with which he was dubbed, and another was "the babies' friend."

Extending a hand in congratulation, his friends gave him what was called "a milk-shake" or asked each other: "How would you like to be the milkman?"

"I'm on the lacteal wagon now," was sung to him, and he was asked if his trips of investigation would include one to the Milky Way. Barnyard sounds were called to him, and he was congratulated on going back to "the dear old farm."

This is the second time that "Bert" has come in for considerable joshing. He is one of the newspapermen honored by the Whitney Government in having their names given to new townships up north. When other Telegram reporters heard of that they assured him that the township's population was making a pilgrimage in a body to Toronto to put up a strenuous kick.

Praise and Appreciation of Earl Grey.

HIS EXCELLENCY EARL GREY has been successful to a noteworthy degree as Governor-General of Canada, and Canadians of all classes have heard with complete satisfaction the news that for another year he will remain with us as the official link connecting us with the Motherland. He understands his position well. He knows the points at which it demands no initiative, but he displays initiative of a high order whenever the march of events suggests an opportunity. The manner in which he carried through the Quebec Tercentenary celebrations is an instance of this. Mr. Hamar Greenwood recently said: "The greatest compliment I can pay Earl Grey is to say that he came to Canada an Englishman and he returns to it a keen Canadian."

In the course of an article in The London Daily Mail, Thorpe Lee praises Earl Grey's enthusiasm and then says:

"In England, before he went to Canada five years ago, there were some who estimated Lord Grey at his true worth. They saw what he had done for such causes as co-operation, garden cities, and public house reform. They had heard of his unconventional rule in Rhodesia, where, as Administrator, he was ready either to listen or to talk to all comers, and received them usually in an airy costume consisting of flannel shirt and trousers with a slouch hat. They knew he was a strong Imperialist and at the same time a convinced Social Reformer, a combination equally desirable and rare. But it was left to Canada to bring out the greatness of the man who went in 1904 to be the Dominion's Governor-General; and it is Canada which has taught us over here in England to appreciate one of the finest Englishmen of our time.

"Never has the Sovereign's representative in the Dominion been more universally popular. He is liked because he 'puts on no side.' He is respected because he is a man of business with actual experience of affairs, and can meet Canadian business men upon their own ground. He is trusted and admired by reason of his sympathy (not mere lip sympathy) with every good work.

"'I regard the British Empire,' he said at Winnipeg recently, 'as the most potent instrument that has ever been fashioned or conceived by man for spreading the blessings of equal rights and impartial justice, of Christian service and true chivalry all over the earth.' We, in our sneering, cynical way, may smile at such enthusiasm. But the Canadians are a young and a healthier race. They recognize in Lord Grey the faith that can move mountains, as well as the simple honor and straightness which made the Archbishop of Quebec say of him that 'no one could have set a finer example in the performance of Christian duty both in public and in private life.'"

"It is curious to look back now and recall Albert Grey's first appearance in politics as a Liberal. It was in 1878 that he entered the House of Commons, but only to remain in it for a few minutes! He and his Conservative opponent polled the same number of votes. As the returning officer refused to give a casting vote, they both presented themselves at the table in the House and demanded to be sworn as M.P. However, a scrutiny was ordered, and the seat went to the Conservative. Two years later Mr. Grey was elected without any doubt. Then he was twenty-nine, a young man who had done well at Oxford; who had married the great heiress Miss Holford, who was heir to his uncle's peerage; who had the world most comfortably warmed for him without any effort of his own.

"But warmth and comfort were not what he wanted. His energy demanded work, adventure, experience. At first he plunged into social questions at home. Now he would be presiding at a co-operative congress; now pushing a plan to beautify railway embankments; now lending his support to one of General Booth's schemes. One day he was granted a license for a public house on his estate. Next day he found he could sell the property, if he chose, for £10,000. The monstrous absurdity of it struck him. He became the untiring advocate of public house trusts. For a time this occupied him; then he began to pine for a wider field. He found it through the agency of Cecil Rhodes. Rhodes wanted someone to help him in obtaining a charter for Rhodesia. Lord Grey (he had succeeded to the title in 1894) was just the man. Afterwards he became Administrator, and a trustee under Rhodes's will.

"When the Governor-Generalship of Canada was offered to him he was not particularly anxious to go. But it was a great opportunity; and as soon as he had accepted it he began to see what work for the Empire he could do. The speech he made at a dinner given to celebrate his appointment simply sparkled with ideas. There was in it none of the solemn portentousness which is usual in proconsular utterances. The Canadians very soon took to this modern Don Quixote, this unusual Englishman with the Irish eyes and none of the English stiffness. In five years he has made himself a great name."

It is reported (says Baily's Magazine) that the whole of Vancouver Island is now well stocked with pheasants which have long been thoroughly acclimatized and breed freely. The history of pheasant acclimatization in Vancouver is simplicity itself. In 1883 C. W. R. Thompson of Victoria imported twenty-five birds from China, kept them in captivity till young had been hatched out and set all at liberty as soon as the chicks were strong enough. In 1886 Mr. Musgrave imported eleven more birds and turned them out, and from these thirty-six pheasants the whole of Vancouver and many of the adjacent islands have been stocked.

Hats and Horses

THE hats come first. One noticed them first, and also they made the more vivid because more unusual impression. Horses, even dainty-limbed darlings of the turf, are only horses, ordinary products of nature which have been and will be. But such hats as these are creations, unnatural occurrences which have never been before and in the kindness of a beneficent Providence will never be again. They are unique and full of the charm of the unexpected, the almost impossible. And so as they glided about the lawns at Woodbine on opening day, one lost all thought of horses and odds and King's Plates, and stood dazzled and gasping in the contemplation of the gloriously grotesque. Peach-baskets, coal-scuttles, cheese-boxes, and all such shapes as have flat bottoms and large round openings, were represented with the bottoms up and covered with weird blossoms known only to the botany of the milliner. There were also strange, rounded shapes, looking like nothing in the world so much as very ornamental and very greatly magnified potato-bugs, but they were few in number compared to the paper-basket kind, and as one gazed at the display one had a confused feeling of watching the orgies of an animated wicker-works.

There were gowns, too, gowns that clung close and scintillated luringly, and made soft murmurous noises as they swept over the grass. There were all the colors of the rainbow to be seen, and also a number of shades that no perfectly sober rainbow ever dreamed of. Altogether it was a display to gladden the heart of milliner or modiste—though a painter, too, might have been delighted by the play of brilliant color. Seen under the blue sky and glowing sunshine, the lawns with their fresh green made one think of some fantastic flower garden filled with strangely shifting flowers of singular shape and weird hues. It especially made this impression when seen from the roof of the members' stand. Then the traces of humanity were more or less lost in the foreshortening, and nothing remained but color.

While the hats and gowns were thus being exhibited and put through their paces on the members' lawn, the counter-attraction of the meet was being displayed to admiring eyes in the paddock. There the horses, slender-limbed, dainty-stepping, lithe and graceful as greyhounds, but with muscles of steel and hearts of adamant, vibrant with life and pulsing with the fierce desire for conflict and for the thunder of flying hoofs, the most superbly beautiful animals in the world were led round and round the ring, while knowing ones looked them over and made rapid notes in their programmes, and simple lovers of the picturesque gazed in admiration. They were led by stable-boys who strutted majestically in their sudden eminence and conducted them with the stately ceremony of dukes leading coroneted duchesses in to dinner; but the horses waltzed about in their eagerness and pulled nervously at the lines. From above a group of jockeys looked down on the scene, leaning over the rail of their gallery. They looked pitiably small and frail these little chaps up there, with boyish faces looking out from under the huge peaks of their caps, and motley jackets of gaudy hue billowing about their small bodies. But they seemed as eager as the horses. Their eyes danced in expectation and they shifted restlessly from position to position.

Far down at the other end of the line, beyond the grand stand where the great public swarmed and smoked and discussed the "dope," a whirling, swirling throng of men eddied and surged about a series of fixed points which stood like reefs in the surf. That was the betting-ring, and the rocks were the bookies, and—to continue the comparison with the surf—the waves of betting humanity went up against them and got broke. The whole scene was one of feverish activity, with the betters flushed and eager, and the bookies cool and watchful. It was an interesting thing to watch these professional gamblers at work and the manner in which they had everything systematized—men to write and call the odds, men to take the money, book-keepers to let them know at any and every moment just where they stood, and others still to write the tickets. And all these men were kept working as fast as they could, for Toronto is a racing town and money flows in rapidly to back the horses. Hands were thrust out from every side clutching bills—soft, white hands that had never done manual work, grimy, calloused hands that had never known any other, hands of clerks and hands of laborers, hands marked by the marks of every trade and profession, and all with bills in them, big bills and little bills, bills that meant little or nothing to their possessor and bills that represented the savings of weeks for this great day. But they all came alike to the bookies who took them with the stony impassivity of the sphinx. And the air was filled with odds and amounts of bets and the names of horses, and there was uproar and much smoke, and nerves were tense in the excitement of the moment. But beyond the field with its jumps for the steeplechasers, and beyond the far side of the track, the lake lay basking in the sun. The yellow waters of the beach shaded into green and this in turn deepened into the purple distance. White-winged craft glided up and down in the bay, and the superb peace and drowsy beauty of it all made a perfect setting for the life and color of the spot where men were making their holiday.

There was a rattle of accoutrements and down the track they came, first the advance guard from the Governor-General's own regiment, well mounted men in blue and silver, and then the state-coach with the four horses and the gayly dressed outriders. There was a rear-guard, too, and another carriage with four horses; and the whole made a very gallant showing as the cavalcade passed rapidly along the course before the welcoming thousands.

It was only a few minutes after this that another cry of "Here they come!" was given, and down the track in single file pranced the horses. Past the judges' stand they went curvetting and caracoling, the jockeys rising and sinking in their ludicrously short stirrups. And then they turned and galloped off to the starting point away around to the right. There was the usual fretting and fidgeting at the start, the usual breaks that carry horses out past the barrier, with the jockeys lying on their necks to avoid being swept off. But finally for one fleeting second they are in line, and then like a flash up flies the barrier, and the first race of the meet is on.

"They're off!" cries everybody, either under his breath or aloud according to his excitement and his way of showing it, and thousands of glasses are trained on the flying group across the field, where galloping horses and the jackets of jockeys are mixed up in almost inextricable confusion. But soon the compact group begins to lengthen out, and as they approach the turn daylight shows between here and there. Now they have rounded the turn and are coming into the stretch. Down at the far end of the solid bank of humanity massed against the rail is heard the wild shout which greets them as they come, every man cheering on the horse and the jockey who carry his money. The shout runs with them as they pass. It grows in volume and comes nearer and nearer. In an instant it is here, and everything is forgotten at the sight of the wildly straining horses, with their diminutive jockeys perched on their necks like so many monkeys. But the little fellows are working furiously, and they seem to lift the horses at every bound. "Jack Parker! Jack Parker!," "Go it, Lady Irma!" the people shout, and in another second the horses have shot past the judges' stand and the race is won and lost. Then the lucky ones who had the nerve to bet on a twenty-to-one shot jump about with joy and call on their friends to congratulate them, while the losers stand looking enviously on. Down by the fence in the betting ring the cashiers are lined up and the winners make a raid on them. But soon they and the losers are back once more about the bookies, seeking anew the favors of the goddess whose name is fickleness.

And in this way race follows race. Again and again do the horses flash past the post, sometimes in canters where there is no doubt of the result and no need of exertion, sometimes in driving finishes when jockeys and horses fight for every inch. And always there is the same scene at the finish, the same rejoicing of exultant winners, the same open or concealed grief of losers, and the same combined rush to start afresh at the game.

At last the fifth race comes, the great historic King's Plate, and down the track prance the star performers of the meet, as though proudly conscious of their position in the public eye. They are beautiful horses all and in the very pink of condition, skin soft and silken as a woman's, muscles supple as a kitten's and strong as steel bands. Each one comes in for a share of attention, but the great interest is reserved for the beautiful chestnut filly, whose splendid records in the trials have made her the public favorite. Down they go to the far end of the stretch, for the race is a mile and a quarter and they must pass the judges' stand twice. This time the start takes longer than usual, for horses and riders are eager, and there is need that they should get off well. The seconds seem hours long to the eager watchers who are straining eyes and field-glasses to make out what is going on down there at the end of the track, where the line of horses and jockeys seems to continually break and waver. Suddenly there is a combined rush and the race is on. It seems to be only the matter of a few seconds before the flying horses are sweeping by the stands, a big chestnut colt bounding along in the lead with such leaps as they say lions take when rushing on their prey. "Fort Garry! Fort Garry!" is the cry, but back in the rear a chestnut filly swings along with superb power and ease, and a diminutive jockey wears a confident grin. They are soon around the turn, and the colt is showing the way down the back stretch, but he is not so far ahead now. Others are drawing up on him, and amongst them is another colt, a bay, and the filly. Gradually as they come round the turn these two creep up. Foot by foot they advance, and now that they are in the stretch the filly is up level with the leader. Then she begins to draw away and after her comes the bay colt. A few more tremendous leaps and the light shows between. After that there is only one cry, "Shimonese! Shimonese!" and running easily and lightly she flashes past the stand a winner in record time. Tollendale comes next, and good Fort Garry third. And the great race is over. For the fiftieth time the oldest race on the American continent has been run, gloriously run and gloriously won.

There are people who talk of the evils of the race-track. Perhaps there are such evils. But one ought to be willing to make allowance for a certain amount of evil as the price to be paid for such pleasure as was afforded on the opening day at Woodbine. Fifteen thousand people there had the joy of the beautiful scene. They basked in its glorious air and sunshine, and feasted their eyes on all its color and animation. They saw beautiful women beautifully gowned, and superb horses bravely and skilfully ridden. They tasted the fierce, delirious joy of conflict, and the thrill of the race passed into their nerves. They drew in great, big draughts of eager pulsing life, and they became rich even though they lost their money.

P.D.

FLYING SQUIRREL,
Winner of the Juvenile Purse for two-year-olds.

HON. ADAM BECK'S PHOTOGRAPHER, who won the First Race of the Meet last year.

GOLDEN BUTTERFLY,
P. T. Chinn's Two-year-old.

Some of the Notable Horses at Woodbine

Farewell.

By James P. Haverson.

GOODBYE, old man, give me your hand,
Grip hard. Ah, well, you understand—
There is so little friends may say
When each must go his separate way.
So little, yes, but oh so much
Is told in just this friendly touch.

There is so little I can tell;
Of course, old man. I wish you well.
Just look into your heart and know
Just how it hurts to have you go
While *I* look down in *mine* and see
All *you* would like to say to *me*.

A British Columbia Pioneer

HON. EDGAR DEWDNEY, who has played a leading part in the development of British Columbia, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in that province. He was one of the first settlers at Victoria, then a Hudson Bay Company fort. Mr. Dewdney, an engineer by profession, came out from London in 1859 with letters from Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, then Colonial Secretary. His first job was the surveying of the site of New Westminster. Then he and some companions took to making hay near the mouth of the Fraser River, for which they received $100 a ton delivered at Fort Douglas. Hon. Mr. Dewdney, who is now 74 years of age, is still hale and hearty. He is over six feet in height, of military appearance, a "gentleman of the old school." Speaking of pioneer days in British Columbia and his later experiences and honors, he said the other day:

"In 1860 I took a contract to construct a mule trail from Hope to Similkameen, and the following year I undertook to build the first section of the wagon road from Hope to the Similkameen on the then Hope trail. The following year I spent the summer in Cariboo, whither I walked from Yale.

"In 1866 I explored and superintended the construction of a trail from the mouth of Bridge River near Lillooet to Tyacton Creek, and that autumn again went to Cariboo to give evidence in some important mining disputes. The following year I purchased a farm at Soda Creek, and carried that on for some three or four years, practising my engineering profession during the summer months. In 1868 I was elected a member of the legislative council, which at that time was partly elective and partly nominated by the crown. During 1869, 1870 and 1871 I practised my profession. I subsequently was appointed a member of Lieutenant-Governor Musgrave's council during the times that the terms of union were being carried through the local house.

"In 1872 I had sold my farm at Soda Creek, and was again busy at my profession. The following year I had charge of a party of C.P.R. surveyors, who ran a line up the Coquahala from Hope to Nicola. During that year I was returned unopposed as member for the Dominion House to represent Yale and the Kootenays. I sat for this constituency until 1879, having been returned again 1874, after a contest, and by acclamation in 1878.

"In 1879 I went to the North-west at the urgent request of Sir John A. Macdonald to take charge of the Indians who at that time were hungry and angry, the buffalo having virtually left the country. I remained in the North-west until 1888, during seven years of which time I was lieutenant-governor, and for two years Indian commissioner. I was then asked by Sir John A. Macdonald to join his administration, as minister of the interior after the death of Hon. Thomas White. I was returned by acclamation for East Assiniboia, and held my portfolio under the premierships of Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Abbott and Sir John Thompson, who with great reluctance—but knowing it was my wish to return to British Columbia—appointed me lieutenant-governor of this province. I held the position for five years and have resided permanently in British Columbia ever since.

"In many enterprises in which I have engaged I have not been very successful, but when one failed another turned up. That is the way in British Columbia, for its resources are so varied that no one with health and energy need be afraid of taking his chances in the province, which to-day I consider cannot be excelled for good opportunities, and affording excellent chances of success."

Maurice Lavallard, a boy of twelve, is the sensation of the day among French artists. One of his paintings, an interior of wonderful drawing and skillful light effects, has been accepted and hung in the Paris Salon by a unanimous vote of the hanging committee.

The Waiter and the Sport.

ONE of the waiters at the King Edward Hotel is not half bad as a wit, as was evidenced the other day to a rough-tongued race-track follower. Race week always brings to town half the low-brows of this continent, who infest the hotel corridors and made the air hideous with their strong cigars and worse language. Sprung from the lowest antecedents himself as a rule, your sport is habitually brutal to those in subservient positions who have not the fortune to make as much money as himself. It is the plaint of these gentry that this is not a wide open town, and the other day one of the American visitors whom true Americans would like to see remain in Canada was taking it out on the waiter.

"Call this a cocktail?" he exclaimed. "This is a whale of a town anyway; where they don't even know how to make a cocktail. Why, where I come from if you offered a man a cocktail like that he'd break the mirror. The town's rotten anyway. They call this a city. A whale of a city this is. You can't get a drink after seven on Saturday night. You can't get a drink served to your room after eleven any night; you can't get a drink on Sunday; you can't go to a ball-match on Sunday. Is there anything you can do in the condemned place?"

"Yes," replied the waiter, who was getting pretty tired of the visitor. "You can play the races. I understand there are places in the States where you can't do that!"

America the Hotbed of Chinese Revolutionism.

THE Young Turks matured their plots of revolt in Paris, the Hindu reformers conspired against British rule in London itself, because they were not safe in their own country, so likewise those Chinese leaders who are conspiring against the tyranny of the present regime at Peking fight shy of their own Flowery Land and go abroad. Most of them, according to The Nichi Nichi (Tokyo), make their headquarters in San Francisco and Vancouver, B.C. The figures given by this Japanese organ include not only men of Chinese nationality, but the many foreigners engaged in the propaganda of Chinese rebellion. While everything seems to be quiet in China, the Government, we are told, is really sitting on a volcano which may at any moment burst out into a terrible explosion, as will probably be the case when the people have become thoroughly indoctrinated with the revolutionary literature and revolutionary addresses which are all the while being circulated among them from beyond the seas. We are invited to judge the wide distribution of the revolutionists from the following estimate of their local activity:

San Francisco	10,000
Vancouver, B.C.	10,000
Tokyo and Yokohama	1,500
Siam	1,000
The Transvaal	1,000
Kobe	500
Annam	500
Singapore	200
The Philippines	150
Paris	100
Java	100
London	50

The Nichi Nichi seems to be extravagant in its estimate of those in Vancouver working for Chinese revolution.

Empire Day Celebrated in Chicago.

HUNDREDS of former British subjects now resident in Illinois, celebrated Empire Day, the 90th anniversary of the birth of Queen Victoria, by a banquet at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, on the evening of May 24. Several prominent Americans in official and private life were guests of the British Empire Association of Illinois and contributed much to the spirit of the occasion. Samuel Insull, president of the Chicago Edison Commonwealth Co., an Englishman prominent in electrical affairs in the United States, himself the inventor of the insulated wire, acted as toastmaster. Among the speakers were Judge Albert C. Barnes, States Attorney John E. W. Wayman, the Rev. D. F. Fox, D.D., B. F. Mullaney, representing Mayor Fred A. Busse and John Crerar, honorary president, a native of Pictou, N.S.

The officers of the association are: W. K. Pattison, president, from St. Catharines, Ont.; Ex-Ald. Walter J. Raymer, from Woodstock, Ont.; S. W. Jackson, from Bowmanville, Ont.; John C. Hunter, from Brantford, Ont., vice-presidents; Charles E. Williams, from Toronto, secretary; Dr. John A. McGill, from Toronto, Ont.; A. M. Walsh, England; and George Sutherland, publisher of The Western British-American and Canadian-American, from Embro, Oxford County, Ont., members of the executive committee. The association has a membership of several hundreds from all sections of the British Empire, representative of the 200,000 former British subjects now living in Chicago. The object of the association is to foster social and trade relations between English-speaking countries, and to assist deserving fellow-countrymen who may be in distress.

A Hospital Incident.

A MAN who might under some circumstances have become a Mark Twain or a W. W. Jacobs, was brought into one of the city hospitals the other day, for repairs after a drunken brawl. He wasn't pretty to look at, with his sodden battered countenance covered by a week's growth of beard, so perhaps the young doctor in attendance did not handle him as gently as he would have done a lady from St. George street. The nurse, however, felt sorry to see the unconscious man treated roughly, and finally exclaimed: "Oh, be kind to him, doctor, be kind to him!"

Whereat, to her surprise, and the doctor's amusement, the patient suddenly opened his bleared eyes and leering at the doctor said thickly:

"Yesh, thas right; be kin 'ter me, Doc., be kin' ter me, fer I was brung up a pet!"

Dr. J. Paul Goode, head of the department of political economy of the University of Chicago, in a recent lecture held out reassurances as to the continent's fate when its supply of coal gives out. Power may be obtained from the sun in America's desert areas. Air motors will reach for power from the wind, securing eight to ten times as much as is available at present. Then there are the waves, tides, rivers, and waterfalls.

Here is a stylish collar
One of our many new shapes—right in style and perfect in fit—known as the
RIALTO
Height, 2 inches at back and 2¼ inches in front.

Made in Quarter Sizes.
Ask your dealer to show you some of our new shapes—there is sure to be one that will just hit your idea of style. Castle Brand, 20c. each, 3 for 50c. Elk Brand, 3 for 25c.
Makers
Berlin.

You who have looked at all the moderate-priced 4-Cylinder cars and are still undecided, please consider this:

A moderate-priced car may be made under a name which means *only* moderate price.

The Russell
Model L $2,000

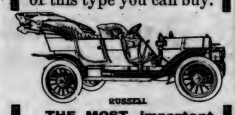
is made by a company which attaches to it the identical name-plate and guarantee that go with its other cars costing up to $4,500.

In the name of good business, which company is most likely to protect its name?

The latter, of course, because no makers of *really high grade* cars can afford to have their name associated with anything else.

You get a car as *strictly high grade* in Russell Model L as in our famous Russell "Fifty" at $4,500.

You won't get as large a car. You won't get as heavy a car, or as powerful a motor. *But the quality is there* and if a medium weight, twenty-four horsepower, five-passenger touring car meets your requirements Model L is the best car of this type you can buy.



THE MOST important things about an automobile cannot be judged from the outside. May we give you inside information?

Do not buy any car merely because it is moderate priced. Buy the Russell Model L because it is both moderate-priced and high-grade. Let us prove it.

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THAT the automobile has, on the whole, added to both the happiness and the health of the community, is the conclusion of Dr. A. J. Read, who writes on the subject in Good Health (Battle Creek, Mich., May). The exhilaration of a swift spin in the open air, with the mental stimulus of a quick change of scene; the possibility of riding in foul weather under complete protection; the cooling effect of a brisk ride in hot weather—all these make distinctly for greater vigor and better constitutions, as is well known. There is, however, another side of the picture. Dr. Read's concluding pages are devoted to the dangers of the automobile, and are of more practical value to the motorist. We read:

"Speeding is one of the most common and deplorable of these dangers. . . . The driver of the machine, if he has been a business man working at a nerve strain in his office, not only fails to get real relaxation when traveling at a high rate of speed, but almost unconsciously finds himself keeping up the nervous strain in his effort to guide his fleet pacer over the rough places in the road and around other vehicles. He thus deprives himself of pleasure and recreation, and at the same time runs some risk of life and limb by his headlong speed.

"On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that a safe speed for an automobile would be much greater than for a horse and carriage. . . . The appliances for controlling the speed of the machine, and the facility with which the quick-acting brakes can be applied make this possible, so that one can not measure the ability and safety of the automobile by the same standard that he has been accustomed to use in estimating the risk taken with the horse and carriage. . . .

"Another danger of speeding is the tendency to arch the body forward while scanning the road in front of the vehicle. This flattens the chest, rounds the shoulders, and compresses the stomach and abdominal viscera, interfering with the normal activities of these organs, and with the proper poise and development of the body.

"The passengers, as well as the driver, should pay especial attention to the muscular support of the abdominal viscera just as they should in railway cars, or in a carriage, or any other conveyance, since the jolting of the vehicle over ruts and obstructions in the road tends to produce prolapse of the stomach, kidneys, intestines and liver if the spinal and abdominal muscles are not kept at a proper balance of contraction. Neglect of this simple precaution may also lead to dislocation of the kidneys by a severe jolt which occurs while the muscles and ligaments supporting these organs are unduly relaxed.

"Exposure of the body to cold drafts and dampness must be especially avoided in automobiling on account of the high rate of speed. A robe which is impervious to a strong current of air, such as a chamois-lined or a light rubber-covered robe, is most suitable. A glass or celluloid front for the machine, to break off the strong head wind, also adds comfort and safety to the driver and occupants. . . .

"One of the most common dangers in automibiling is the exposure of the ear to the cold wind when riding rapidly. In the spring and summer one also needs to use protection for the eyes when riding along country roads, as the force with which gnats and small insects will be hurled against the cornea is very apt to cause injury to the delicate tissues of the eye, possibly leaving an opacity over the pupil. For this reason automobile goggles or large glasses are a good precaution."

* * *

Motorists in England do not know exactly what to make of a new London police regulation which provides that all public motor-driven vehicles shall carry a "hooter," which begins to sound automatically the moment a motor 'bus or taxicab exceeds the regulation speed limit of twenty miles an hour. The result is that the machine itself is the chief complainant against the reckless driving of its chauffeur. Private owners fear that the device will prove so successful that the police will insist on all automobiles being equipped with "hooters." This looks like a possible solution to the speed-mania problem now confronting the automobile world.

* * *

Automobile camping is beginning to be popular in several parts of the United States. In Canada some little hunting and camping have been done with motor cars, but this sort of thing has been generally considered as incidental to ordinary touring. The craze which has begun across the line, however, is something different; the idea being to rent an auto, if one does not own one, and go off on a regular camping vacation.

It is said that a car large enough to hold four persons can be hired in any of the larger cities for $25 a week or $100 a month without a driver. Comfortable sleeping tents large enough to hold two can be bought for $15, including hammocks or folding beds.

These are so made that they can be wrapped into a package to be tied on the rear body of the car. Little ice chests are now made for auto tourists, while a small gasolene stove can be taken along with cooking utensils and some canned food. The stove is supplied with fuel from the motor oil tank.

With this outfit, says The Travel Magazine, tourists can go whenever and wherever they please. When nightfall comes they can put up the tent in field or grove. The neighboring farmhouse is a depot for fresh milk, meat and other provisions by which they can get a simple but good meal at a very low cost, but if the travellers prefer they can eat their meals at the farmhouses, and there are few farmers who will not take them in for a night. Such a trip is not expensive even when you include the items for the auto car.

When one rents a machine it costs him the fuel oil for the engine, oil for lamps and lubricating, with a small outlay for electric appliances. The fuel oil, the principal item, averages about a cent a mile, and with the other expense may not exceed two cents a mile unless repairs may be needed.

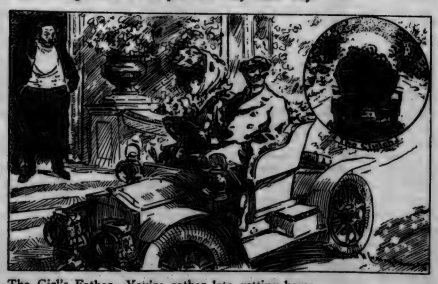
The owner of a car must add to this wear and tear on the tires, which runs from 50 cents to $2 for each 250 miles—the average expense in a test made of 150 cars each covering this distance. Of course the employment of a chauffeur means the additional payment of his salary and board.

So many automobiles are now hired for trips of a week or so that the total cost can be estimated. Of course it depends on the way the tourists want to sleep and how they want to eat.

One party of three who rented a second hand auto for three weeks and led the simple life, eating and sleeping in the farmhouses and rural hotels, paid $125 for everything, including the rental of their "private car."

* * *

The King has been obliged to call in the leases of several houses at Windsor, close to the Castle, in order that they may be pulled down, and the ground utilized for an addition to the present garages at the Castle which have become too small for his large collection of motors. Practically every yard of space within the Castle precincts is already in use; therefore, it was impossible to provide the necessary accommodation in any other way.



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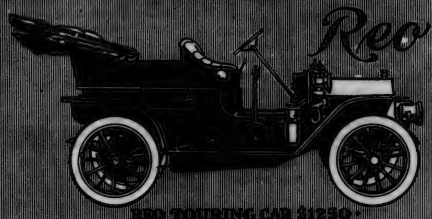

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THE OLDSMOBILE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited

THE splendid opening day at Woodbine was but an earnest of things at least as good to come. The crowd on Victoria Day was fully as large as that which saw the race for the King's plate, and the betting was if anything rather more brisk. There was a well filled card of races, and the holiday crowd was out to risk some money, so that the bookies were kept busy. And the betters got runs for their coin. The horses had been well chosen in the different events, and the finishes were as a rule very close. In fact, in the race for the Queen's Hotel Cup the record for the track was broken. As might be expected, the day which followed was an off day. The crowd was not so large, and the contest was not so keen. This was especially the case in the Canadian-bred stakes, where the entries of Messrs. Seagram and Davies had things all their own way. But this was the first time they had it so in the meet. And this is a more or less fortunate thing, as it is bad for a racing meet to have one man or a group of men win too often—no matter how good they may be as sportsmen. Therefore, though Mr. Seagram is one of the great pillars of the game in this country, and though his successes are always popular, it is perhaps just as well that local racegoers should see the unusual sight of the first two days going by without a win for him. His first victory was with Courtier in the Breeders' Stakes on Tuesday.

* * *

IN spite of the great interest aroused by the races, baseball has not suffered any neglect from its devotees. In spite of the record-breaking attendance at Woodbine on the afternoon of Victoria Day, the grounds at Hanlan's Point were visited by one of the largest crowds in their history. And the fans were treated to a good exhibition of the game, with the Pets coming out on top as is right and proper. In the morning session, however, it had been a different story, and "Iron Man" McGinnity had treated the home team to a very pretty trouncing, which they thoroughly deserved. For their fielding had been miserable, and the blame for the defeat can be laid on poor support rather than on poor pitching, as the new man Lundgren did some good twirling and should prove quite a valuable addition to the team. But while making this kick, it must be said that the Leafs are doing great work and are providing an excellent article of ball. They are also keeping right up with the leaders, and there is nothing the average fan likes better than a winning team. It doesn't matter how good ball a team plays, if they don't win he gets disgruntled; while he is willing to make all kinds of allowances for a team that is up near the top. With him nothing succeeds like success.

* * *

THE running game is now more to the fore than ever, and the promoters seem bent on finishing up the season in a blaze of glory. Notable among the recent contests, have been the races between Shrubb and St. Yves at Montreal, the fifteen-mile run at Hanlan's Point, the Marathon at Montreal in which Sherring got back into the game and got out again at the fifteenth mile, the Brantford-Hamilton run, and the race in Winnipeg when Acoose was obliged to quit on account of the tacks on the track. At Montreal Shrubb did great work, and again made it clear that he is one of the world's very greatest runners. Though he has not been able to go the entire Marathon distance, he is almost unrivalled at his own distances. But the new redskin runner from the West, Acoose, would seem to be a very dangerous man. The ease with which he defeated Appleby would be proof sufficient of this, and there is not much doubt that in the last race between them he would have repeated the former victory, had it not been for the miscreant who threw tacks on the track and lamed the Indian. Acoose runs in moccasins, and naturally the tacks easily penetrated through the soft leather. As for Sherring, he is one more instance of the folly of going back to a game and trying to repeat past successes after a long retirement from it. Sherring got all the glory a runner can get by his great victory at Athens, and if he had been well advised he would have remained content with that, instead of trying at this late day to break into the ranks of the professionals. Cotter, the Toronto Y.M.C.A. runner, who won the Brantford-Hamilton race, ran a good race, but he will certainly have to make much better time than he did if he is to accomplish anything worth while at Athens.

* * *

PITTSBURG will celebrate the coming Fourth of July by opening her million-dollar baseball park, the new home of the "Pirates," which is situated in the Chenley district, one of the city's most prominent residential sections of the city.

The plans for the park were designed by Charles W. Leavitt, Jr., of New York City, and the grand stand, which is said to be the largest in the world, is 896 feet long and 95 feet deep. It is in three tiers, the two upper ones being reached by elevators, while at all entrances and exits there are inclines instead of steps. The base is a great concrete amphitheatre, beginning a few feet above the level of the diamond and stretching along the first and third base sides, with twenty-eight rows of comfortable seats. The balcony, of steel construction, carries twenty-one rows of seats, the first one being over the fifth tier on the lower deck. The third deck consists of boxes arranged on two levels, so that the rear ones command an unobstructed view of the field. The main bleachers are immediately to the left of the grand stand, while an additional section has been erected in deep centre field. The seating capacity of the grand stand is nearly twenty thousand, and the bleachers increase this number almost one-half.

PITTSBURG'S MILLION DOLLAR BASEBALL PARK.

* * *

ACCORDING to The New York Sun there seems to be no reason why all of the Jockey Club tracks should not open the field enclosures. Those in favor of this plan argue that there are many persons who enjoy racing but cannot afford to pay a $3 tariff to enter the grand stand enclosure. If the $1 field enclosure is opened, therefore, it is set forth that there would be plenty of patronage by persons who, though not wealthy, would be just as law abiding as the patrons of the more expensive sections of the track. It would be an easy matter, it is said, to prevent violation of the betting law in the field, for the Pinkertons could be instructed to apprehend persons accepting and recording oral or cash bets, to be turned over to the police; furthermore, such offenders could be ruled off promptly. It is probable that as an experiment the field enclosure at Belmont Park will be opened to the public on Decoration Day, and that if there is no trouble a similar policy will be inaugurated at the other tracks. "There are many persons who will pay $1 to see the race," said a racetrack manager, "but they will remain at home rather than give up $3. So why not let them have a chance to enjoy their favorite pastime?"

* * *

STARTING from the New York Herald building a week ago, mounted on the six-year-old thoroughbred Esteban, H. H. Weatherly set out on an interesting ride of two thousand miles, to the office of the Chicago Record-Herald and return, in a test of endurance, designed to demonstrate the fallacy of the statement that "the modern racehorse off the track is good for nothing but food for the hounds."

A journey of this distance has never been accomplished, if it has been attempted, with a twentieth century thoroughbred in this country, or any other, so far as known, and its progress will be eagerly followed by officials of the War Department, the Jockey Club and all interesting in trying out the high mettled racer under conditions such as a cavalry horse would have to endure.

Ever since the English system of dash racing at short distances supplanted the early American rule of two mile heats and four mile heats there has been a disposition in some quarters to question the endurance of the thoroughbred and to belittle his value as a cavalry horse for long, hard journeys. Many racing men, on the other hand, maintain that the modern thoroughbred is as stout and as valuable as ever he was, and that he can stand more hardships and cover more ground in a minute or a month than any other horse the world has seen.

Esteban is a typical twentieth century racer, and if he can endure the test to which Mr. Weatherly purposes to put him the present day thoroughbred will be vindicated. He is light chestnut or sorrel in color, sixteen hands high, rather long of leg and light of bone, and at a casual glance does not give the impression of being a rugged horse. But Mr. Weatherly says he is a big feeder, always ready for his dinner, and always ready for a gallop.

Mr. Weatherly is an experienced long distance rider. He was born in England, served in the British army with the Tenth Hussars in 1882, and from 1886 to 1891 was corporal and sergeant in the Northwest Mounted Police force of Canada. In relating his experiences with horses he said recently that in 1893 he rode 1,500 miles in twenty-eight days and sixteen hours on a native Basuto pony in South Africa, that journey having been made over a prairie country with a barefooted horse fed on grass and Indian corn. He intends to feed, water and care for Esteban himself on the present journey. He will ride about eight hours a day, and will take advantage of soft earth roads wherever possible in order to keep his horse from becoming footsore. When macadam turnpikes are encountered he will take to the grass at the side of the road to avoid the hard footing Mr. Weatherly is about forty-five years old. His weight is 132 pounds.

* * *

THE A.A.U. officials have decided to put a brake on the Marathon craze during the summer months at least, for after June 1 or thereabouts there will be no more sanctions for this style of contest until the cool weather of next fall comes around. A strong reason given for the move was that were Marathons allowed during the warm weather all the distance men would be dead or worn out by next winter. The race given by the New Jersey A.C. recently opened the eyes of those in authority to the condition of affairs, when all those worthy of note in the amateur ranks competed. Though the pace all the way was ridiculously slow the runners found great difficulty in covering the course at the snail's gait, and a majority only got as far as half way. Quite a few caved in before going five miles. Those who finished were in a most pitiable condition, and some were so fagged out that they were unable to reach their homes and had to take lodging in Jersey City that night.

Taken in the most liberal light a contest that could create such havoc among tough, hardened fellows is not sport for a moment. The only thing about it is that it might arouse a sort of morbid curiosity among the general public. In speaking of the policy of stopping Marathon sanctions President James E. Sullivan of the A.A.U. said yesterday: "I think the boys have had enough of Marathons since last fall to do them until the cool weather comes around again. At any rate they have done a lot of racing, and a rest will do them no harm. My opinion is that the scorching heat of summer is no time for such a long jaunt, and past experience has taught us that men do better in winter. Take the weather at London the day of the English Olympic Marathon. It was worse than any of the dog days here and look what it did to the runners. Why, some great distance men from the other side collapsed before they went half the way. A long string of five mile contests during the hot days would give the distance runners plenty to do.

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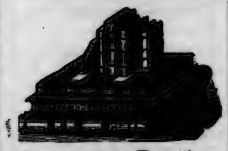

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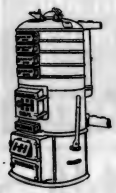
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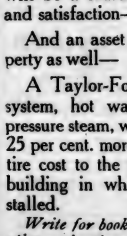
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THE DRAMA

"A BROKEN Idol," the musical farce which holds the boards at the Princess this week, has proved to be a very interesting entertainment. There is some tuneful music, quite a number of good lines—also quite a few that are not so good—some good-looking girls, and—and—well, what more do you want at this time of year anyway? Otis Harlan's work as Doc Whatt is very satisfactory, though one might wish that it wasn't so literally work. He is one of those fat comedians who are always perspiringly active; but even if he does toil at being funny, one must at least admit he frequently gets there. Alice Yorke, the Toronto prima donna, sings prettily, and is a comedienne of more than ordinary merit. She gives a performance that must be very satisfactory to her friends here. The production is well staged, some of the effects such as the balloon scene being very striking.

* * *

"THE Westerners," which was played at the Princess during the latter half of last week, enjoyed a very considerable measure of success. As an entirely amateur production, both as to play and acting, it deserves much praise. Many of the situations were well conceived, the music was catchy, though at times it had rather a reminiscent ring, and the different parts were well taken. Altogether the authors and the players have every reason to be satisfied with the result of their efforts.

* * *

THE pleasure of combining extensive globe-trotting with all the comforts of home still draws many nightly and afternoonly to the Royal Alexandra, and Mr. Howe. The travel pictures continue to be the attraction there, and the stock of views shows no sign of running down in either quantity or quality. This week's series has been particularly good.

* * *

IN view of the Lamb's Gambol in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on the 24th of May, an account of that interesting and famous club is timely. Its origin dates rather farther back than is generally supposed, and is also a very distinguished one, the founders being none other than Charles and Mary Lamb, who, during the years between 1820 and 1834, lived in quaint chambers on Inner Temple Lane, London. The great essayist and his sister were famous for their hospitality and for the notables in letters and art who gathered at the little social affairs held in their rooms. Some enthusiastic biographers have compared these historic meetings with the celebrated evenings of the Holland House for brilliancy and profundity. Among the friends who made the supper parties with Charles and Mary Lamb memorable were Coleridge, Lloyd, Southey, Wordsworth, Hazlett, Leigh Hunt, Talfourd, George Dyer and Tom Hood, and with these when the coffee houses were closed, it was a favorite expression, "Let's go around to the Lambs."

Years after most of these notable personages had joined the majority the parties at the Lambs were discussed in genial reminiscences in the clubs and coffee houses of London. It was the tenderness in which these recollections were held that caused a number of young actors and writers, forming a club in London, to call themselves the Lambs. Members of the London organization migrating to America and lonesome for the atmosphere of the London club organized a similar organization in New York, which subsequently became the successor and the heir of the London club. The earlier Shepherds of the New York Lambs were English actors—Montague, Wallack and Beckett. Following these were "Billy" Florence and the line of American players and writers that have since that time presided over the well-known organization.

Many of these men who made the old Lambs famous have passed away, but those familiar with its present membership and capable of measurement are confident that the club today is living in a golden time which needs only a mellowing perspective to make its recollections deservedly historic. Messrs. Goodwin, Crane and Lackaye are still there, and about them are gathered the wit and gentle humor of Messrs. Gillette and Collier, Macdonough and Hobart, Hopper and Bell, Tarkington, Hodge, Lew Fields, Ed. Kemble, and a score of others.

* * *

THERE is an interesting article in a recent issue of The New York Sun on the custom of booing among English first-night audiences. And in the course of the article an actress, whose name is not mentioned, gives her experience and opinion. Contrary to what might be expected, she finds something to say in its favor. "An English first night," said this actress, "is indeed a horribly trying affair for everybody in the cast of the play, for the author and for the manager; but there is one virtue about it—you won't be left in any doubt of the opinion of the audience. You'll get mighty little perfunctory applause. If you are well known and a favorite with the public you'll get a warm welcome on your first appearance, but after that you have got to justify your presence in the cast, or you will hear from it.

"As for the 'booing,' it is an old custom. There's no doubt that it is cruel. It is brutal and merciless, and no mistake; but there is this to say for it, it has done a lot to keep utter trash off the British stage and to keep the English theatres of the first class from swarming with incompetent players who ought to be working as stenographers or ribbon clerks or at some other wage earning task instead of being foisted upon the public in positions for which they have no natural aptitude and for which they are totally unable to acquire the necessary skill. I think nobody at all acquainted with the facts will contend that the general average of ability among players in America is anything like the equal of that shown by the English. I don't pretend that the 'booing' custom is the only cause of the British superiority in this respect, but I am firmly convinced that it has a very great deal to do with the fact that in London one seldom sees a grossly incompetent player set forward to play a leading part requiring finished skill, and that certainly is not the case in America. 'Booing' is heroic treatment, but it gets results."

* * *

The commencement exercises of the Margaret Eaton School of Expression took place recently and were enjoyed by a large number of people. Many of those who attended had relatives or friends among the performers, but the work was good enough to give pleasure to those who had no such reasons for being partial in their judgments.

Next Week's Bills.

Royal Alexandra—Travel Pictures.

Shea's—Vaudeville.

Gayety—"Rialto Rounders."

Grand—Thomas E. Shea.

TRAVEL pictures will continue to be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra. Next week's subjects will include: motor-boat races in England, a trip to Jerusalem, the printing of The Scotsman, Scotland's greatest newspaper, scenes in Italy, and a series of pictures of hunting in South Africa.

* * *

The bill at Shea's next week will be headed by Berte Coote and Company, presenting "The Lamb on Wall Street." Other feature acts included in the bill are Chas. F. Semon, The Millman Trio, Wormwood's Dogs and Monkeys, Pearl and Yoscu, and Melville and Higgins. The week of June 7, Alice Lloyd will play a return engagement.

* * *

The "Rialto Rounders" will hold forth at the Gayety next week. Two burlesques are to be given, "Fun in the Subway" and "A Day at Sheepshead Bay." Sam Howe, the Hebrew comedian, will head the company. In the olio there are to be singing and dancing acts, and a series of living pictures posed by models alleged to come from the art centres of Europe.

* * *

Owing to the illness of Miss Grace Van Studdiford, "The Golden Butterfly," which was to have been played next week at the Princess, will not be given here this season.

FIRST NIGHTER.

That the world's famous pianist—De Pachmann—should have used only a

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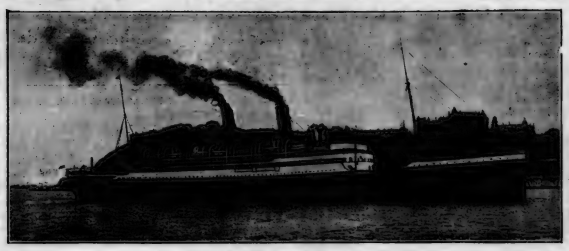
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A Talk on Good Roads.

George C. Diehl, writing in The New York Herald to urge the necessity of good roads associations, makes some good points and states his arguments very clearly. He refers, of course, to conditions in the United States, but his suggestions will apply just as well in Canada, and certain extracts from his article seem to be well worth reproducing here:

The importance of Good Roads associations is not sufficiently appreciated. In many States the only Good Roads organizations are those which are composed entirely of the automobilists. More valuable results could be obtained by having the associations representative of not only the automobilists but of the farmers, the County Commissioners and the minor highway officials. Such organizations permit the chief highway officials of the State to keep in touch with public sentiment and disseminate the knowledge gained through the experience of such officials. They also act as a check upon the chief highway officials when inclined to follow unwise counsels. These State associations should meet regularly and suggest the proper forms of new highway laws and desirable amendments to the existing statutes.

Local highway officials, not having technical training, are frequently misled by unscrupulous agents. Bridges constitute an absolutely essential part of the highway and should be erected under State supervision and in part, at least, at State expense.

So much has been said about brick, stone and macadam pavements that the fact that the vast majority of roads must for many generations be dirt roads is rather lost sight of. By proper care and supervision, under appropriate laws, these roads can be made, for the greater part of the year, almost as satisfactory as hard surface roads.

To show the impossibility of macadamizing all of our roads in one generation, or in any limited period of time, it is sufficient to say that there are over two million miles of roads in the United States. Macadamizing costs not less than $5,000 a mile, and usually more than that. At the lesser cost the aggregate expenditure to improve all the roads in the country would be ten millions of dollars, or a hundred million dollars a year for a hundred years.

The main roads, upon which traffic is heaviest and which accommodate the greatest population, are estimated to be less than ten per cent. of the whole. The ultimate improvement of these main roads can be reasonably anticipated if public sentiment is properly aroused.

The improvement of main roads should not take all the time, energy and appropriations, but should go forward hand in hand with the improvement of town roads. In some localities for many years the entire amount of highway taxes, whether payable in cash or labor, has been expended in temporary work, while nothing has been spent for permanent improvements, with the result that the condition of the town roads remained unchanged. The roads in some places are no better to-day than they were fifty years ago, notwithstanding the labor and money expended.

There is annually expended on the town or lateral roads of the country, fifty-five million dollars in cash and twenty millions in labor. To secure a proper improvement of the town roads it is necessary to abolish the labor tax which is in vogue in about thirty-five States and to substitute a money tax. It is also necessary to spend a certain amount each year for permanent improvements, in order that each year may see constantly improving road conditions.

An authority on motoring, who has made a careful study of the tire question, is of the opinion that at least 50 per cent. of all tire troubles result from improper inflation. He believes that if automobile owners paid more attention to the importance of keeping the proper amount of air in their tires, according to the combined weight of the car and passengers, half the repair expenses would be avoided.

"Was he acting as if he had taken a drop too much?" "Yes, but he wasn't acting as if he thought he had."—The Bellman.

Omnia Somnia.

DAWN drives the dreams away,
yet some abide.
Once in a tide of pale and sunless weather,
I dreamed I wandered on a bare hillside,
When suddenly the birds sang all together.

Still it was Winter, even in the dream;
There was no leaf nor bud nor young grass springing;
The skies shone cold above the frost-bound stream;
It was not Spring, and yet the birds were singing.

Blackbird and thrush and plaintive willow-wren,
Chaffinch and lark and linnet, all were calling;
A golden web of music held me then,
Innumerable voices, rising, falling.

O, never do the birds of April sing
More sweet than in that dream I still remember;
Perchance the heart may keep its songs of Spring
Even through the wintry dream of life's December.

—The Athenæum.

A writer in Motoring says that an automobile tire ought to wear well until it has travelled four thousand miles. He points out that in most cases where the life of a tire is less than that the blame ought not to be attributed to defective workmanship or material, but to lack of care and attention on the part of the owner or driver.

There's the Rub.

IT is easy enough to be pleasant
When life goes on like a song,
But the man worth while is the man who can smile
When the telephone rings and he answers it and says "Hello!" and the operator says, "What number?" and he says, "The bell rang," and she says, "No, it didn't."

—New York Evening Mail.

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MUSIC

DURING the past several weeks our local choral conductors have been busily engaged in the task of reorganizing their choruses for the coming season. To fix upon the music to be performed, select the voices to sing it, engage the soloists and orchestra, involves a world of work in itself—and work that is entirely preliminary to the actual business of rehearsing, which begins next September. However, plans are now pretty well advanced, and our societies are about ready to print their musical protocols dealing with programmes projected and artists engaged.

* * *

DR. Vogt and his Mendelssohn Choir propose to give a series of five concerts on Jan. 31, Feb. 1, 2, and 3, next. The superb Theodore Thomas Orchestra, which Mischa Elman, in a recent open letter, grouped with the Boston Symphony Orchestra as unsurpassed in the world, will co-operate with the chorus in the four evening concerts of the series. Their playing strength, numerically, will be the greatest ever employed in an orchestra in any local choral concerts. At the Monday afternoon matinee, the orchestra under Mr. Stock's direction will have the assistance of the eminent pianist, Busoni, whom many critics now regard as the greatest of living pianistic virtuosi. Busoni commands the highest fee of any of the artists who will visit America next season.

Among the choral works to be presented are Brahms' magnum opus, "The German Requiem," than which no work ever taken up for study by the chorus has ever created so profound an impression. Pierne's great characteristic musical legend, "The Children's Crusade," will receive two performances; and, on the Monday evening of the series, a high-class miscellaneous programme for chorus and orchestra will be rendered. The carefully selected children's chorus of 250 voices begins its rehearsals for the "Children's Crusade" this week.

Among the soloists already engaged for the choral works might be mentioned Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, who sang the part of Allys in the "Children's Crusade" at the last Cincinnati Festival, and has been re-engaged for the same part in the same work at Cincinnati next year; Mr. Claude Cunningham, baritone, and Mr. George Hamlin, tenor, who have been heard with much pleasure on previous occasions. A second soprano and bass soloists are yet to be engaged, negotiations being in progress with two singers of well established reputation.

The unaccompanied selections chosen by Dr. Vogt include novelties by Brahms, Gavaerts, and others, besides Cherubim Songs by Tschaikowsky and Glinka. The Tschaikowsky number promises to surpass in interest the Cherubim Song, No. 3, of this composer, which has several times been given with great success by the Mendelssohn Choir in Toronto, as well as in their concerts in Buffalo, New York and Chicago.

The entire expenses of the series of concerts next season will aggregate fully $22,000, a sum which equals the responsibility assumed at many of the world's most famous festivals. The strong position which the choir has won solely on its merits is indicated by the fact that no arrangements for a public guarantee fund are being made in connection with the season's concerts.

* * *

AS announced in last week's issue, the National Chorus under Dr. Ham will have the co-operation of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra in their concerts. As an orchestral conductor, Mr. Welsman has won his spurs in brilliant style, and the combination of the orchestra with this chorus should prove to be a very happy one. When Alice Nielson first appeared here in "The Fortune Teller," she made a decided hit and was highly praised by all of the leading critics, but it remained for her to create a furore when she subsequently sang the principal roles in "La Boheme" and "Don Pasquale" with the San Carlo Grand Opera Co.

For next season Miss Nielson has been engaged by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, thus leaving her open for concert work on nights when the castes are changed. Fulfilling their promise to secure the very best talent for their coming season's work, the managing committee of the National Chorus immediately placed themselves in communication with her manager with the result that she will sing at one of their performances, when no doubt she will repeat her former triumphs.

Dr. Albert Ham has chosen a number of very attractive choral numbers for this year's study, and there is no doubt that the artistic success made by the National last season will not only be equalled, but surpassed.

The membership list for the chorus closes on Monday next (May 31st.), and those desiring to be enrolled as singers should send in their names at once to Dr. Ham, 561 Jarvis Street.

* * *

THE Schubert Choir, under Mr. H. M. Fletcher, will still retain their allegiance to the Pittsburgh Orchestra, under the magnetic baton of Emil Paur. With commendable

CHARLES GOUNOD.

enterprise, the committee of the Schubert have engaged for both concerts the great grand opera prima donna, Madame Jeanne Jomelli, who created such a furore with her singing here last season.

Singers wishing to participate in these concerts on Feb. 21 and 22, next, should send in their names at once by postcard to Mr. Fletcher. Address all communications to 18 St. Mary St.

* * *

IT is not every day that a comic opera written, composed, orchestrated, sung, danced and acted by Torontonians appears amongst us. The production of "The Westerners" on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week marks such an event, and there is more than mere passing significance in the fact. The possession of our own Symphony Orchestra in Toronto is a dream come true; and some day no doubt the establishment of our own opera will be a thing of fact and not fancy. Such achievements only come after a long process of germination and development, and the appearance of "The Westerners" is a phase in the genesis of this idea which carries its own encouragement. Musically, the work does not aspire to originality of manner or matter; but one of the first steps in the development of any creative art is the imitative one, and most composers have had to pass through this stage. If they occasionally fail to get beyond it when their powers have matured, the lack is not in the system but in the man.

The music of "The Westerners," if somewhat reminiscent, was melodious and catchy in style, and its composer, Mr. J. Ernest Lawrence, should feel pleased with the reception accorded it by the large audiences in attendance. The vocal work of soloists and chorus was quite equal to the standard which one might expect in a city where the voice is as popular as is the case in Toronto.

* * *

IN the past 22 years the Toronto Conservatory of Music has graduated some 500 pupils. When one considers the fact that the attendance has gradually risen to 1,700 pupils per season, the high standard of graduation maintained becomes apparent, averaging less than 25 pupils per year. Among these graduates, an Alumni Association has recently been formed, and the following officers have been elected: President, Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc.; Vice-President, J. D. A. Tripp, A.T.C.M.; Recording Secretary, J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Doc.; Corresponding Secretary, Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., F.T.C.M.; Secretary-Treasurer, F. E. Blachford, A. T. C.M.; Auditor, A. T. Cringan, Mus. Bac.; Council, A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc.; Albert Ham, Mus. Doc.; J. W. F. Harrison, Frank S. Welsman, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Miss Marion G. Ferguson, Miss Maud Gordon, A.T.C.M.

Not only graduates, but also all who have been pupils of the institution, are eligible for membership, but the latter are not entitled to vote or hold office. The annual fee is one dollar, which includes a year's subscription to the Conservatory Bi-Monthly. The annual meeting of the Association, which will largely take the form of a social evening, will be held at the Conservatory on Tuesday, June 1, next. Those wishing to join should send their names to Mr. Hardy, the Corresponding Secretary, at the earliest possible date.

* * *

DR. Torrington is to be congratulated upon the success already attained by his gifted pupil, Miss Alma Clarke, who gave the last of her series of Piano Recitals in the Toronto College of Music hall on Wednesday evening. Miss Clarke's numbers were the Beethoven Sonata Op. 31, No. 2; the Chopin "Fantaisie Impromptu." Etude Op. 10, No. 12 and Polonaise Op. 53; Moszkowski "En Automne"; Mendelssohn "Spinning Song"; the Liszt "Liebestraum," No. 3 and Rhapsodie No. 6. For her interpretation of the Chopin group, Miss Clarke deserves special praise, and in response to an encore played the Berceuse in D Flat charmingly. Miss Margaret Casey assisted Miss Clarke, singing the Aria, "Softly Sighs" (Der Freischutz), Weber, and the Duet "Of Fairy Wand Had I the Power" with Mr. J. D. Richardson, whose solos, "Bois Epais," Lully, and "Lament" by Frank Lambert were very much enjoyed.

* * *

The pupils of Mr. Howard Massey Frederick gave a successful vocal recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Saturday evening last. Mr. Frederick has a large and enthusiastic class, and the programme performed reflected much credit upon this popular teacher.

* * *

Miss Edith M. Parker, pupil of Lillian M. Kirby, has resigned her position as contralto soloist in Cowan Ave. church to accept the position in Cook's Church.

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

The plan for the annual closing concert of the Toronto Conservatory of Music in conjunction with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra on the evening of June 3 at Massey Hall will be open to those holding cards of invitation on Monday morning, 31st inst., when upon payment of twenty-five cents seats may be reserved in any part of the house. This practically means a first-class orchestral concert with pleasing and capable soloists at a quarter of a dollar, and doubtless Massey Hall will be packed on this occasion. The reputation of the Conservatory will surely be sustained by the excellent showing of such talented and well instructed performers as Miss Connor, Miss Mason, and Mr. Ernest Seitz, pianists; Mrs. Sanderson, Miss Muriel Goggin, Miss White, Miss May Hinckley and Miss Marshall, vocalists; and Mr. Oscar Ziegler, violinist, who will contribute the solo parts in various concertos and operatic arias. The programme as finally arranged cannot be considered overlong, as, with the addition of a reading from a member of the School of Expression, it consists only of ten numbers. The Toronto public, in acknowledging the share borne by the Conservatory in the growth of musical progress in this city, is certain to welcome an opportunity like the present of testifying by its enthusiasm in Massey Hall on June 3rd a deep appreciation of Dr. Fisher's zeal and of the enterprise which characterizes our leading school of music. The Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Welsman will furnish the accompaniments to several brilliant and interesting works.

* * *

A London despatch says: Mr. Edmond Burke, the Canadian baritone, whose singing at the Royal Opera, the Hague, has created much interest in musical circles during the last year, received an ovation yesterday, when he appeared at Alys Bateman's recital, in Aeolian Hall. On May 24 Mr. Burke sings at Queen's Hall, with Patti, Santley and Muriel Foster.

Knicker—Did your father give you an auto? Bocker—Yes, but he didn't endow it.—Harper's Bazar.

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For months Willie's rubber ball had been lost. Mother had searched the house from cellar to attic. Father had followed her over the course, but the ball was still lost. Willie knew that he had put it somewhere but was not able to recollect the place. Every few days the search would be renewed, in vain, and finally it was decided in family conclave that the little Wiggins boy had stolen it when he had come over to play with Angel-Willie. An interdict issued forbidding all further commerce with the abandoned Wiggins. Then the piano tuner came. He found the ball lodged against the low bass strings, Willie having tossed it in. The interdict was lifted and peace reigned. If any one had been using the piano, the discovery would have been made earlier, but Willie's sister, the musician of the family, had married and departed. The piano stood idle, though father was exceedingly fond of music. If he had had an Angelus a great deal of trouble would have been saved and a great deal of pleasure provided. The Angelus provides the technique of a piano virtuoso to everyone. It never makes a mistake, no matter how difficult the music may be. Moreover it has simple appliances to increase or lessen the tone or to instantaneously quicken or retard the time. It is by these two means that all piano expression is secured. Any person, therefore, with a love for music can give a performance fully equal to that of the greatest piano virtuoso. The Angelus is sold exclusively as an interior part of the Gourlay piano, an instrument which is rightly regarded as the finest piano made in Canada. The union of the Gourlay and the Angelus is a happy one and must be seen at the Yonge Street warerooms of Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming to be properly appreciated.

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ANECDOTAL

A CERTAIN rich farmer has a daughter whose sole occupation is the search for "culture." One day a friend of the farmer's came along.

"So your daughter has gone to Europe after all?" he said.

"Ya-as," drawled the farmer; "she's been daffy t' go ever since she left skule. These here female girl colleges dew put ideas intew women's heads. Her maw an' me never could calc'late why she was so set t' go t' Yurrup. She don't know a soul thar."

* * *

COLONEL ARTICHOKE GIFFORD was in the smoking-room of a steamer, talking about his ancestors. They were sailormen sailing from New England ports, and, the Colonel admitted, sometimes running in a cargo of slaves from Africa when the trade was dull in other lines.

"I remember hearing my grandfather tell of one trip," said the Colonel, "when they had three hundred slaves aboard. The weather was very bad, the accommodations none too good, and the slaves were crowded. A lot of them died. First day out, twenty or thirty of them died and they threw them overboard; next day twenty died and they threw them overboard. Next day, the same way. They kept dying——"

"And, I suppose," broke in a man who was smoking a pipe, "when the slaves were all dead and disposed of, they were so in the habit that they just blacked up the crew and threw them overboard."

* * *

THE dusky man-servant of a Washington official, being granted leave of absence not long ago to visit his home in Virginia, hied himself to a department store to purchase a valise.

The salesman seemed to think the darky should purchase something in the way of a large bag. "Here's a fine one," he said. "The best alligator bag you can get. Only——"

"Look heah, boss," interrupted the darky impatiently, "I done tole yo' several times I dont want no alligator bag. I ain't goin' to Floridy. I's goin' to mah home in Virginny."

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN judge invited a friend of his, a lawyer, to go for a short trip on his yacht. A storm came up and the boat began to roll and toss in a manner which the lawyer did not relish.

The judge laid a hand on his friend's shoulder and said: "My dear fellow, is there anything I can do to make you comfortable?"

"Yes," was the grim reply, "overrule this motion."

* * *

"OF course women should vote," said Oliver Herford. "Women deserve the suffrage as much as men—more, because their minds are purer and cleaner."

"Cleaner?" cried the sweet young thing Mr. Herford had taken in to dinner. "Of course they are, ever and ever so much cleaner! But how do you know that?"

"Because they change them so much oftener," said he, solemnly.

* * *

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, on a tour of New England, formed a habit of eating Washington pie. Washington pie is a two-layer cake with a custard filling, and covered with white icing. It is served in pie-shaped pieces. Stopping at a country hotel Mr. Washington called for this delicacy. The waiter brought him something that resembled it, but the icing was chocolate instead of white.

Mr. Washington looked it over, then turned to the waiter and said:

"You've made a mistake. I wanted *George* not *Booker*."

* * *

A CERTAIN publisher, whose chief recreation is baseball, employs now and then in private conversation a quaint variety of figurative expression calculated to display his familiarity with the game.

A paper had been submitted by a friend. Its style was supposed to be very lofty and impressive. In reality, however, it was exceedingly rhetorical and diffuse, especially the introduction, which was spun out to a ridiculous length. Moreover, the conclusions reached by the author were as weak and impotent as the introduction.

"Frank," asked the publisher, not unkindly, when the writer came for his manuscript, "don't you think you took a rather long run for so short a slide?"

* * *

THE following golf story has been associated with the name of Oscar Asche. He began a round rather badly, but at length got in a really clean shot. Turning to his caddy, a dour Scotch youth, he said:

"Now, then, I'm not the worst player you've carried for, am I?"

There was no reply. Later on, a long putt was successfully holed, and Mr. Asche cried again:

"What did I tell you? I'm not the worst player you've carried for, am I?"

There was a long pause. Then the caddie replied:

"Man, I'm just thinkin'!"

* * *

AN after-dinner speaker, discussing certain forms of credit, related this story:

"A bartender told me how, the other day, a seedy chap turned to him from the free lunch counter and said:

"'Can you trust me for a glass of beer till to-morrow evening, friend?'

"'No, sir. Nix!' said the bartender.

"'Well, I'm sorry,' said the man. It seemed kinder small to eat the amount of free lunch I've done and then not buy nothin'.'"

* * *

THE absent-minded professor returned home one evening, and, after ringing his front door-bell for some time to no effect, heard the maid's voice from the second-story window: "The professor is not in."

"All right," quietly answered the professor; "I'll call again." And he hobbled down the stone steps.

* * *

THE superintendent of a factory went into the storehouse one day and saw the storekeeper tugging away at a big case of goods. His face was red and the muscles of his neck were bulging out.

"Hold on, there, Jack," cried the superintendent; "allow me to demonstrate to you the power of brain over muscle." He then grabbed a hook that was on a shelf and stuck it into the case, and, giving a quick jerk, he fell backward into a pile of rubbish. He arose as gracefully as he could, saying to the storekeeper, "Blame it, the handle was loose!"

"Yes, sir," replied Jack; "that's why I didnt use it."

* * *

A PRISONER at the sessions—he must have been Irish—had been duly convicted of theft, when it was seen, on "proving previous convictions," that he had actually been in prison at the time the theft was committed.

"Why didn't you say so?" asked the judge of the prisoner angrily.

"Your lordship, I was afraid of prejudicing the jury against me."

* * *

A YOUNG married couple were exchanging some rather caustic remarks touching their respective expenditures, when the wife exclaimed:

"Well, Tom, of all the nerve! The idea of you objecting to my bills! Why, as you know, father pays them all!"

"That's just it," retorted Tom. "How can I have the audacity to ask him to meet any of mine when you're touching him up all the time?"

* * *

THREE doctors were operating on a man for appendicitis. After the operation was completed one of the doctors missed a small sponge. The patient was reopened, the sponge found within, and the man sewed up again. Immediately the second doctor missed a needle. Again the patient was opened and closed. Then the third doctor missed a pair of scissors.

"Gentlemen," said the victim, as they were about to open him up again, "for heaven's sake, if you're going to keep this up, put buttons on me."

* * *

ONE morning not long ago there burst into the office of a certain physician an excited individual, who, as he perceived the doctor just disappearing into his consulting room with a patient, exclaimed:

"Doctor! Doctor! Just one moment!"

"I'll see you shortly," was the curt professional response.

"Only a second, Doctor! Only a second is what I want!" protested the perturbed one.

"I'll see you shortly," reiterated the physician, with increasing patience.

Whereupon, with a sigh, the man took a seat in the general reception hall. His excitement soon subsided, for he read the morning paper through, glanced through a number of magazines and played awhile with the doctor's cat. Then, after a period of half an hour, the doctor reappeared and, in an air of great condescension, said to the erstwhile excited person:

"Now, sir, I am at your service. Your turn has come. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing special," was the reply. "I only dropped in to tell you that your neighbor's cows have escaped from the yard and are now having a fine time among your flowerbeds."

* * *

A TEACHER in a certain public school one day asked the class in English to give some examples in composition by writing a few personals such as are contained in the columns of newspapers. One of the younger members of the class won the plaudits of his fellows by writing:

"The college boys have returned to their schools to wait for another vacation."

* * *

A SOUTHERN merchant has frequent occasion to rebuke Ike, his darky porter, for his tardiness in reporting for duty in the morning. Ike is always ready with a more or less ingenious excuse.

"You're two hours late, Ike!" exclaimed the employer one morning. "This sort of thing must stop! Otherwise, I'm going to fire you, understand!"

"'Deed, Mistah Edward," replied Ike, "it wa'n't mah fault, dis time! Honest! I was kicked by a mule!"

"Kicked by a mule? Well, even if that were so, it wouldn't delay you for more than an hour. You'll have to think of a better excuse than that."

Ike looked aggrieved. "Mistah Edward," he continued solemnly, "it might have been all right ef dat mule kicked me in dis direction; but he didn't—he kicked me de odder way!"

Mrs. Bullyon-Boundermere (delighted to find herself chatting with a Countess)—"Hats aren't pretty just now, are they? And really I think Amourette's are the ugliest of all. I was there to-day and positively couldn't give an order. Each hat they showed me was more frightful than the last."

The Countess—"So sorry we couldn't please you. Amourette's is a little venture of mine, you know."—Punch.

Over 20 Million cups of CHASE & SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE were drunk in Canada during last year.
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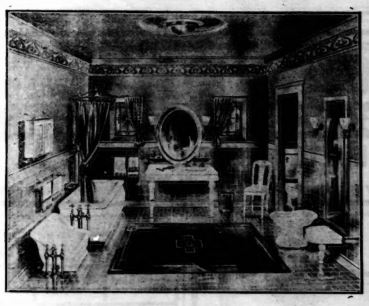

THE TROUBLE

with most kinds of bathroom fittings lies in their tendency to "crack" and allow the water to permeate the material—thus causing a most unsanitary condition.

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SIMCOE, ONT.

Lady Gay's Column

SOMETIMES I wonder at parents! Parents of unhealthy or boorish or stupid or impertinent children. I wonder that they feel so little responsibilty for that excrescence on the face of nature, their offspring. I don't merely mean a child who is naughty or disturbing in its baby tantrums, but a grown-up child who is unwholesome inside and out. The parents would horribly resent being talked to about their child's shortcomings; they would probably and indignantly deny them, or their responsibility for them, and yet, in nine cases out of ten there is a great probability that if the child's parents had been alert, wise, firm, patient as really responsible parents are, from their earliest hours, the faults which repel folk from the child would never have taken root. Children are clothed and fed and left to take their chance of developing along right lines, without a standard, an ideal or any inspiration to nobility in nine cases out of ten. An affectionate indulgence, easy optimism, purblind complaisance and fitful punishment is the routine of many a parent's dealing with a child. "Why worry. They'll come up all right as we did," say these parents pleasantly. And if no good seed be sown, and weeds rule the land, who can wonder? The rarest of God's good works is the responsible parent, who realizes the need and the appeal of the plastic nature in his hands, and gently, tactfully fills the empty cruise with good pure and growing things, watching but not worrying, guiding, suggesting, shielding, not with fussy superiority, but with the hearty enthusiasm of a fellow worker with the little creature for its best gain and good! When parents live in this attitude with their children, results will be great.

We are reading of appeals made from the newer sections of our big Canada (by men whose modest description of themselves is rather convincing) for wives willing to wed without many preliminaries. "I want," says one, "a healthy, good-natured girl, who has the home-making instinct. I don't care about beauty, other than health and good temper bestows; but if I get a hearty, willing, sensible girl to be my wife, I'll do all I can to make her happy." I've been so impressed by the tone of that young man, that I have my eye on a wife for him. That she is very attractive wont, I hope, stand in her way. Another man writes that he had a fine girl selected, and was persuading her to be a pioneer, in the far West, when her sister, who had married a high flier who had made a fortune in mines, talked her out of the notion that love, not money, was the great good. The girl has changed her mind and given him the mitten, and he writes bitterly, as isn't at all surprising. Then one more thus states his case: "I am forty this year, and would be so glad to settle down. Have good income and could provide well for wife and family, but am out-of-the-way of meeting nice women or girls. How can I find that great blessing—a true, good, little wife. Perhaps you could suggest or help me somehow!" I find these letters very pathetic in a fashion. It is a shame that homes can't be assembled for these chaps, who are sterling stuff, or I am no judge of a man. Another man, a bit of a joker, perhaps, but possibly sincere enough, says that he has tried to capture a nice girl more than once, but they all seem to disapprove of him because he is very stout! There's tragedy for you!

I could not help wishing I could take Gypsy Smith to the Races last Monday. Never have earth and lake and sky been more adorable than that as seen from the grand stand that glorious Victoria Day. It would have taken a more obstinate evil-hunter than is the big revivalist to see anything terrible or wrong out there. The charming face of nature, the people gay and happy, everyone luxuriating in the first real summer day, the bright smiles and merry laughter, the little hospitalities, all so easy and merry—it was one of the sweetest open-air sights ever seen in Toronto. Perhaps his keen eye would have seen something bad where we didn't, his alert imagination might have fancied those pretty faces hiding secret sirs, those jolly men secreting dark records of wickedness. And he might have been wrong!

LADY GAY.

Tommy—Paw, what is concentrated lye? Mr. Tucker—It's the short and ugly word, Tommy. Don't bother me. —Chicago Tribune.

Blow.

I LOVE philosophy, dear friend,
And dote on logic (in its place);
But may the kindly heavens forfend
The long and the lugubrious face.
Not all of knowledge must be known,
Not all of pain and sorrow borne,
And he is happiest who has blown
Both far and near his festive horn.

Who knows but life may be the joke
Of some bright angel for a lark?
It's wrong to think the angels poke
About in moods both dull and dark.
If so, it really is a jest
To think this world is all forlorn,
When one might take things at their best
And blow with glee a merry horn.

There's but one caution as you go
Your way along earth's motley miles,
Enjoying to the full the show
And spreading joy with many smiles,
And that is this: You must not look
Upon your brother man with scorn
And bring his happiness to book
Because he too doth blow his horn.

This is a world of sunshine days,
Of nights of rest and pleasant dreams,
And as men go their sundry ways
Each to himself the best man seems:
And this is where the joke comes in,
When there's no choice but to be born
To grieve about what might have been
And fail to blow your own big horn.

—Charles W. Stevenson, in New York Sun.

A True Nature Story.

LAST spring a cat on the farm of Albert Fisher, near Waterville, N.Y., had several small kittens. As the farm was overstocked with cats her young were taken from her and drowned. After that the cat seemed very unhappy, and being a house favorite she received considerable sympathy.

One day shortly after her kittens were taken from her a young squirrel which had fallen from its nest in the hollow of a tree was found and taken to the cat with the idea that it would be a dainty morsel to tempt her appetite.

Instead of pouncing upon it cat fashion she took the young squirrel to the box where she had so recently mothered her own young and there bestowed upon the squirrel all the affection she had previously given to her kittens.

Stranger still, says a writer in Country Life in America, in about two hours the old cat had hunted out the squirrel's nest in a tree some distance away and had carried the remainder of the young squirrels in her mouth, one at a time, to her box in the house.

Then until the squirrels were nearly full grown the cat watched over them with all the solicitude that is possible for any animal mother to show, even providing nourishment for them in exactly the same manner that she had for her own young. When the squirrels had outgrown a mother's attention they were very tame and were given to friends of the family.

OF Sabbath-breaking north of the Tweed there is the story of the Scot and his wheelbarrow, which has been fathered upon Sir Archibald Geikie. Donald was hammering away at the bottom of his garden when his wife came to the door.

"Mon," she said, "ye're making much clatter. What wull the neebors say?"

"Dom the neebors," said the busy one. "I maun get ma' barra mendit."

"Oh, but Donal', it's vera wrang to work on Sawbath," expostulated the good wife; "ye ought to use screws."

WEEK-END TRIPS.

After your week's work and worry is over there is nothing more refreshing to both mind and body than a little pleasure trip. The Grand Trunk Railway System will issue return tickets to a great many points in Ontario at single fare, with ten cents added, good going Saturday or Sunday, returning any train Monday. For tickets and further information call at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

It is sufficient for some people that they drink anything called tea. Others prefer a standard brand like "Salada," which has a reputation for being good. The latter get more enjoyment out of life. In buying tea for the satisfaction you expect to get from its use, it will pay to purchase "Salada." Avoid anything "just as good." Imitations are invariably of poor quality. 67

A judge of human nature usually makes a mistake in his estimate of himself.—June Smart Set.

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STYLISH LINGERIE DRESSES

Just the thing to wear during the summer months, dainty and stylish, cool and refreshing during the hot months. We sold a large number of these dresses last season, and we are now prepared with a larger and more exclusive stock than ever, so that you cannot fail to pick out just the garment that will be most suitable for you. A line that we know will be popular, it being made in the one-piece style in fine Swiss mulls, tastefully trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion, dainty shades of sky, pink, mauve, as well as white. On view in our Showrooms, at $12.50.

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SHREDDED WHEAT

goes on forever. It contains more real nutriment than meat or eggs and is more easily digested. Try it for breakfast.

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SOCIETY

THE St. Andrew's College sports were held on the campus on Thursday afternoon of last week, when a beautiful day favored the event. Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark were the guests of honor, and Lady Clark presented the prizes, and was in turn presented with a huge boquet. Mrs. Macdonald received a few friends after the sports for tea in her artistic quarters, and Dr. Macdonald heard all sorts of nice things said about the progress of the College. There was a huge tent for refreshments on the campus, and there the collegians entertained their mothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts with hearty hospitality. The day was a great success in every way, and the boys made an excellent showing.

At Upper Canada College sports on Friday of last week, rain inopportunely arrived, but despite the unfortunate weather, the sports programme was carried out and a goodly number of relatives and friends of the contestants watched their progress. Afterwards the prizes were presented in the hall, Their Excellencies arriving in time to encourage the affair and take tea with Mrs. Auden. The usual simple and effective decorations of the tea-table were carried out, and a very nice gathering enjoyed this happy finale of what is always a great day for Upper Canada College.

Mrs. Jarvis (*nee* Montgomery) is with her sister, Mrs. De Leigh Wilson, and both looked very handsome at the Races this week. The pretty dark-eyed bride, Mrs. Lyle, and the stylish young matron, Mrs. Alfred Hawes, looked very well. Mr. and Mrs. Henri Suydam and Mr. Harold were a popular trio, Mrs. Suydam looking stunning in very smart gowns, and having a very stylish guest, Mrs. Coldham, with her. The absence of many of the Beardmore and Mackenzie families, who are abroad; the whole Cawthra family, who are abroad or in deep mourning, and several other regular patrons of the May meeting, somewhat damped the gay hilarity in certain circles. Colonel Smith was down from London. Mr. Sands from New York, and quite a party from Montreal helped to add eclat to the event. Miss Gladys Murton is with Mrs. Clinch. Mr. Hobson was down from Hamilton. Montreal sent a fine contingent, and many Torontonians are planning to attend the Blue Bonnets meeting there which follows the O.J.C.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Macdougall have moved from Macpherson avenue to Cottingham street.

The Galt Horse Show next week, on 3, 4, and 5 of June, is a sporty event which well repays a visit.

The Pearson-Brophy wedding takes place next Saturday in St. Peter's church at half-past two.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Ivy sailed by the Adriatic this week for a holiday in England.

The account of a quiet wedding at Alvinston between two of that town's most popular younger set reached me too late for insertion last week. On account of a recent bereavement elaborate preparations had to be eliminated, but amid the heartiest of good wishes, Miss Minnie McLachlin, A.T.C.M., and Mr. Grant Gordon, of Dryden, formerly bank manager at Alvinston, were married by Rev. Neil Campbell, of Inwood. The going-away gown of the bride was a rich blue broadcloth trimmed with silver and net blouse, with hat to match. In the fall Mr. and Mrs. Gordon will reside in Toronto.

Mr. Harold Denison, R.N., who has been with his people at Rusholme on leave, has returned to his ship, sailing by the Victorian yesterday from Montreal for England. As Mr. Denison only had forty-eight hours' notice to return, his adieux were hurried, but all who have met the young naval officer regret very much that he was obliged to say good-bye so soon.

Mrs. Jeffery Foot, Mrs. Bassett and Miss Grace Evans have sailed for England.

Mrs. Jack Cruso was very much admired on Victoria Day at the Races in an equisite pale blue *voile de soie* gown with picture hat and blue plumes. On another afternoon she was beautifully gowned in pale grey. Mrs. Tom Clark also wore a rich grey costume and toque. Several ladies had mandarin coats, Mrs. Victor Williams' heavy white silk with raised embroidery being particularly handsome.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth A. Miller, 415 Dovercourt road, announce the engagement of their daughter, Marion, to W. E. Hobson, of Winnipeg. The marriage is to take place very quietly in June.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Mary Ross, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Ross, Dunbar road, Rosedale, to Mr. Edward George O'Kelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward O'Kelly, of Dublin, Ireland. Their marriage will take place the latter part of June.

The Rev. J. C. Stevenson and Mr. Collier Stevenson, of Hamilton, were in town last Saturday.

The engagement of Miss Marion Gwyn, of Staplehurst, Dundas, and Mr. F. Britton Osler was announced early this week.

The marriage of Miss Regina Candace Stiles, daughter of the late Mr. H. Belfry Stiles, and Mr. Frank Blake Rogers will take place the end of next month.

Since Dame Fashion has decreed that the Lady Beautiful shall possess all the grace and symmetry of a flagpole, the corset manufacturer is busily engaged pressing milady into lines instead of curves (or rather her corsets, which amounts to the same thing) with thirteen-pound electric flat-irons with automatic handle and regulator stand. When curves were *au fait* electric heat was used to dry the corsets over copper forms. Electric flat-irons, percolators, hair dryers and curlers, and many other domestic appliances, including electric cleaning machines, are in common use and are on exhibition at the display rooms of the local electric company.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

MARRIOTT—At Strathcona, Alberta, on May 26, 1909, the wife of Mr. G. W. Marriott, manager of the Bank of Commerce—a son.

ROCHEREAU—On May 24, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Rochereau de la Sabliere, at "La Futaie,"—a daughter.

TAYLOR—On Saturday, May 22, 1909, at 60 Woodlawn avenue, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Taylor—a son.

MARRIAGES.

GORDON—McLACHLIN—At the residence of the bride's mother, Alvinston, Mary Adeline (Minnie) McLachlin to Mr. T. A. Grant Gordon, of Dryden.

HODGE—BOULTBEE—At St. Thomas' Church, Toronto, on May 26, by the Rev. Canon MacNab of St. Alban's Cathedral, assisted by the Rev. Hamilton R. Mockridge, M.A., assistant priest of St. Thomas' Church, Charles Edward Morgan Hodge, of London, Eng., only son of the late Charles Harvey Hodge, of New York, to Gladys, youngest daughter of the late William Boultbee, of Ivor House, Toronto.

LOWNDES—TAYLOR—On Saturday, May 22, 1909, at Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, Toronto, by the Rev. Dr. Wallace, Erin Ferguson, eldest daughter of James Ferguson Taylor, to Charles B. Lowndes, all of Toronto.

SCHAFFTER—PUGH—On Saturday, May 22, by the Rev. J. W. Bell, Alice Mary Pugh, of Toronto, to Mr. Charles George Schaffter, of Winnipeg.

DEATH.

GREGG—On Wednesday, May 26, 1909, at his residence, 3 Washington avenue, Rev. William Gregg, D.D., Professor Emeritus, Knox College, Toronto, in the 92nd year of his age.

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A Canadian in London

Mr. Isidore Ascher Writes Some Interesting Reminiscences of Famous Men He Has Met There.

MR. ISIDORE G. ASCHER, a well-known writer, in a recent issue of The London Evening News, describes some of the eminent men he has met in England.

"I came to London from Canada in the 'sixties," says Mr. Ascher.

"Since then I have visited many European capitals, but to me there is no place so enthralling and changeful in its aspects and surroundings as the capital of the world.

"On my arrival I took rooms in Norfolk street, Strand. In those days the houses were nearly all Georgian, and every other house let apartments.

"Before leaving Canada I had achieved a Canadian popularity with a book of verse, and an old friend, Dr. Henry J. Morgan, now of Ottawa, a Canadian writer of many interesting books, had kindly given me letters to numerous literary celebrities in London.

"I did not use all the introductions, but a few reminiscences of some of them may interest your readers.

"One of the most attentive and genial of them was Tom Taylor. At the time I mention, in the early 'sixties, he was in the Government Art Office, and had obtained the highest honors and distinctions as the dramatist of the day.

"I have often wondered why our actor-managers do not revive some of his virile, forcible masterpieces, such as 'Still Waters Run Deep,' and many others its equal in dramatic intensity and vivid coloring.

"I can recollect how one evening he took me the rounds of all the London theatres. It would not be possible to do so to-day, but then the theatres in London could be counted on one's fingers.

"Among them we visited the Haymarket, where Sothern was playing 'Lord Dundreary.' In my mind's eye I see this inimitable comedian trying in pretended confusion to count up his relations on his ten fingers, until he got so hopelessly mixed about them that he spluttered and stammered and sent the house into convulsions of laughter.

"Afterwards, when I eulogized the acting, I ventured to criticize the play. Alas! later on I discovered that I had dared to do this in its author's company!

"It was doubtless very tactless of me—but I was a Canadian—a colonial—and excuses can be made for me.

* * *

"I remember distinctly an eventful evening when Tom Taylor kindly introduced me to an aristocratic London club to meet some distinguished people.

"I recollect being introduced to Monckton Milnes, the poet; Lord Derby, Lord Wodehouse, the editor of The Edinburgh Review; Kinglake, the celebrated author of 'Eothen', Thomas Hughes, the author of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' and many other celebrities whose names have now escaped my memory.

"After an introduction I was always asked these questions:

"'How long have you been in England?'

"'How does the American War affect England?'

"'Are the Canadians in any dread of a Yankee invasion?'

"As a representative literary Canadian I was presumed to be deeply imbued with the significance of the last two questions, and I suppose my retorts, even if lacking political insight and depth, had a superficial exactness which satisfied my famous questioners.

"I don't think nowadays similar questions would ever be asked of any young Canadian visitor. The Dominion of Canada now has an importance and significance patent to every Englishman, and the knowledge of its present prosperity and future possibilities is widespread and general.

"I had an introduction to Anthony Trollope. Unfortunately, I misunderstood the hour, and so missed an opportunity which I have always regretted.

"I should like to have known one who informs us in his autobiography that he made £70,000 in twenty years of novel writing before breakfast! Evidently he did not require the aid of any enaction to put the clock back!

"Perhaps the keenest of my literary memories is that of Martin T. Tupper, the author of 'Proverbial Philosophy'—a book which in the 'sixties had an immense vogue.

* * *

"I accepted Martin T. Tupper's invitation to visit him in Guildford, at his picturesque country house which stood in its own grounds. His welcome was cordial, and his hospitality profuse. He honored me by reading some of my lyrics aloud.

"As I write I can recall him—a well-groomed, interesting looking man with speaking eyes and a smiling face; a face that beamed with good nature and bright satisfaction.

"He had a splendid delivery, his voice, delivery, and enunciation being forcible and dramatic. He prided himself on what he termed his 'archives,' a collection of reviews and criticisms of his famous book.

"Among the celebrities of the day—and one of the most popular novelists—was Harrison Ainsworth.

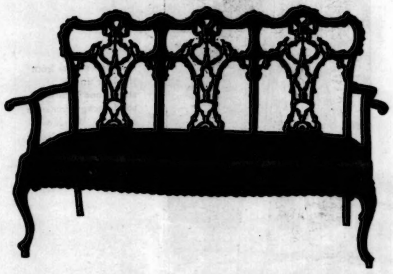
"Ainsworth died at the age of seventy-seven in 1882. In 1881, when he was entertained at a banquet, the Lord Mayor of Manchester told those present that the public library contained 250 volumes of Ainsworth's novels, which in one year had been read 7,600 times!

"Ainsworth welcomed my book very generously, and Cyrus W. Redding, who, among other books, wrote a life of William the Fourth—a novel called 'A Wife Met a Wife,' and other works for boys, wrote a long, favorable review of my verse in The New Monthly.

"Afterwards Ainsworth kindly accepted several short stories and lyrics of mine, which appeared in the magazines he edited. In connection with this, I was particularly favored. Mr. Ainsworth wrote me that there was no need to send my MSS. to him, but instead to the foreman of the printers. This confidence in my work I counted as an honor, and I deem it an honor to this day."

Travelling Man—My good man, what time does this train leave Swamp Centre? Agent—My friend, I'm only the agent. I'm not a fortune teller.

Wedding Gifts at Kay's



Fancy Furniture, Art Pottery, Brassware, Ornaments and Bric-a-Brac.

Our June stocks embrace a carefully chosen assortment of things quaint, artistic and uncommon, in these and other lines, suited for presentation.

JOHN KAY COMPANY Limited
36 and 38 King St. West, Toronto

WEDDING GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Our stock of Carvers in Leather and Quarter Cut Oak, Satin and Velvet Lined, is complete and bristles with serviceable suggestions.

Made by famous Sheffield manufacturers: Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Mallham & Yoeman, Dickinson, Stacey Bros., and other well-known makers.

Prices vary from $3.00 to $15.00 per case. Also Rogers "1847" Flatware.

Cabinet of Pearl Handled Dessert Knives and Forks, Fruit Knives, Fish Eaters, Fish Servers, Brass Kettles, Chafing Dishes, etc.

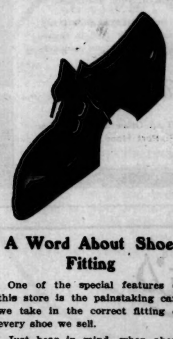
Call and inspect our Stock.

Aikenhead's

Aikenhead Hardware Limited
17, 19, 21 Temperance Street.

GAYETY DAILY MATS LADIES-10¢
BURLESQUE & VAUDEVILLE
"RIALTO ROUNDERS" Presenting the Laughable Burlesque
A DAY AT THE WOODSIDE
EVERY FRIDAY AMATEUR NIGHT Phone M 6595

Men's Shoes of the Better Class



A Word About Shoe Fitting

One of the special features of this store is the painstaking care we take in the correct fitting of every shoe we sell.

Just bear in mind, when about to buy your next pair of shoes, that correct fitting "counts"—counts both in appearance and in comfort.

You should see the new style Oxfords we are offering at $5.00. You would pay fully $6.00 in most stores for the very same shoe.

KING EDWARD SHOE STORE
Phone M. 4756 V. J. McCabe
KING EDWARD HOTEL
Entrances from Victoria and from Hotel Rotunda

SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinees Daily, 25	Week of May 31	Evenings 25 and 50

The Popular Comedian,
BERT COOTE & CO.
"A Lamb on Wall Street".
CHAS. F. SEMON
"The Narrow Feller".
WORMWOOD'S DOGS AND MONKEYS
Including the Bicycle Monkey.
PEARL AND YOSCU
Italian Street Singers.
MELVILLE AND HIGGINS
In "Just a Little Fun".
THE KINETOGRAPH
New Pictures.

Special Extra Attraction
"MILLMAN TRIO"
Aerial Marvels on the Bounding Wire.

R&O

STEAMER "BELLEVILLE"
Leaves Toronto 7.30 p.m., every Tuesday for Bay of Quinte, 1000 Islands, Montreal and intermediate ports.

STEAMERS "TORONTO" AND "KINGSTON"
Leave Toronto at 7.00 p.m., commencing June 1st, daily except Sunday; after July 1st, daily, for Rochester, 1000 Islands, Rapids St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay.
For tickets and berth reservations apply at ticket office, 2 East King Street.

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, A.G.P.A., Toronto.

Harry Lauder
Makes Records for

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

No vaudeville entertainer has made a bigger hit in this country in recent years than this clever Scotch comedian. On his last tour he received five thousand dollars a week and delighted crowded houses night after night.

Harry Lauder has made twelve of his best selections into Records for the Edison Phonograph.

You can hear them at your dealer's any time, and you can hear them in your own home if you wish. The best songs of the best entertainers everywhere, as well as the world's best music, played or sung by trained musicians, are all at the command of one who owns an Edison Phonograph and Edison Records.

FREE. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalogue of Edison Phonographs, also catalogue containing complete lists of Edison Records, old and new.

We Want Good Live Dealers to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not now well represented. Dealers having established stores should write at once to

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THE R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED
143 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
121 PRINCESS STREET, WINNIPEG

Vin Mariani

USED BY ROYALTY

As an extraordinary proof of the esteem in which the foremost authorities hold Vin Mariani, we will state that it has long been in use by the Court Physicians for the Royal Households of England, Russia, Austria, Turkey, Norway, Sweden, Greece and at the Vatican.

When a restorative and tonic is required, it always has received the preference.

HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA of England:

"It is well known that the Queen derived increased strength of brains and nerves from Vin Mariani during her last great trials."—London Court Journal.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE CZAR OF RUSSIA:

"In consequence of the benefits obtained from Vin Mariani by the Emperor, a great demand for this tonic has sprung up in Russia."—St. Petersburg Court Journal.

HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE CZARINA OF RUSSIA.

"Her Imperial Majesty, Empress Marie Feodorowna, finding great benefit from the use of your Tonic-Wine, requests that a case of 50 bottles be sent immediately."

KING OSCAR II. OF SWEDEN:

"His Majesty appreciates and thanks Monsieur Mariani and I personally add my own high esteem for Vin Mariani."—Baron Aug. Von Rosen.

DOWAGER QUEEN OF PORTUGAL:

"Her Majesty the Queen of Portugal charges me to express her gratitude to you for the virtues of Vin Mariani, which she utilizes also for her sick."—Count de Figuerro, Chamberlain.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA:

"By advice of the Court Physicians, the Shah was given Vin Mariani. For beneficial effects obtained, the Shah awarded the Persian decoration, 'Commander of the Lion and Sun.'"

THE QUEEN OF SAXONY:

"Her Majesty the Queen of Saxony desires me to inform you of all the interest she takes in Vin Mariani, which, owing to its extraordinary qualities, is known everywhere."—Baron de Malortie, Grand Master of Court.

SOLD BY ALL PHARMACISTS—THE WORLD OVER.

J. Simon
59 Fg. St. Martin
PARIS, FRANCE

Crème SIMON
POUDRE ✦ SAVON
Unrivalled for the preservation of the Skin

From all Chemists and Perfumers

Society at the Capital

WEDNESDAY afternoon brought to a close another session of Parliament. This was followed by a general exodus of the many visitors who have made Ottawa their temporary home for the past six months, and whose presence so materially brightened the many social events of that period. At present the majority of our hostesses are directing their thoughts and energies to their household arrangements for the hot weather, in getting ready for the annual flitting to country or seaside home, and the social round has to a certain extent suffered. A few most charming gatherings, however, were on the week's list, the greater number of them being luncheons. One of these was given by Madame Lemieux at the Golf Club as a farewell to Mrs. Maclennan, who, with her husband, Mr. Justice Maclennan, is leaving in June for Toronto, where they will in future reside, and after spending the past four years in the Capital her legion of friends are loth to part with her. Madame Lemieux's guests included, besides the guest of honor, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Allan B. Aylesworth, Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. Fred Powell, and Mrs. J. G. Foster.

A particularly smart luncheon, at which the hostess was Mrs. J. K. Kerr, had as special guests the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, and others present were Lady Taschereau, Madame Lemieux, Madame Marcil, Mrs. Edward Fauquier, Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Mrs. R. J. Christie, of Toronto, the Misses Jane and Flossie Fielding, Miss Lulu Lemoine, Miss Montizambert, Miss Clare Oliver, Miss Ethel Palmer, Miss Fitzpatrick, Miss Berthe Brodeur, and Miss Blanche Doutre. Fragrant sweet peas, carnations and marguerites, tastefully combined, made one of the prettiest table decorations seen this season.

Mrs. J. S. Ewart was another luncheon hostess for the week, and her very pleasant little gathering at the Golf Club on Saturday was given in honor of Mrs. McMurrich, of Toronto, who is spending a short time in town with her sister, Mrs. George Burn, in Metcalfe street. Mrs. Ewart's guests were Mrs. Allan B. Aylesworth, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. J. G. Foster, Madame Lemieux, Mrs. Toller, Mrs. P. D. Ross, Mrs. George H. Perley, and Mrs. Frank Grierson. Richmond roses made a very effective table decoration.

Mrs. William Pugsley, wife of the Minister of Public Works, on Thursday entertained at luncheon in the private dining-room in the House of Commons, as an *au revoir* to the wives of the various Cabinet Ministers before separating for the summer. The table was beautifully done with pink roses and carnations, and those who enjoyed the well-arranged repast were the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, Lady Hanbury Williams, Lady Borden, Lady Taschereau, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Madame Lemieux, Mrs. Wm. Templeman, Mrs. Geo. P. Graham, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mrs. E. L. Newcombe, and several others.

Another of the congenial luncheons which came off at the Golf Club was one given by Mrs. W. E. Philpotts and Miss Moylan on Thursday in honor of Mrs. Joseph Pope's guest, Mrs. Sydney Forrest, of Smith's Falls.

Several most delightfully arranged teas were given the young people's share of the week's social pleasures. Mrs. Charles Moore's on Thursday included all the charming young girls of the Capital, who were invited to meet two attractive American visitors, Miss Taft, of New York, who is Mrs. Fred Hogg's guest, and Miss Brown, of Kansas City, who is visiting the Misses Morna and Claudia Bate. Miss Catherine Moore, who received with her mother, looked exceedingly pretty in pale blue *crepe de chine*, and Miss Taft was gowned in a smart dark blue tailored suit, with hat of the same color trimmed with a wreath of small pink roses. Mrs. Godfrey Greene and Mrs. Hamnett Hill poured tea and coffee and had as assistants Miss Claudia Bate, Miss Claire Oliver and Miss Lily McGee. Golden daffodils and ferns were tastefully arranged on the tea-table and about the various rooms.

Miss Mary Hamilton was another hostess who entertained the young people, and a few of the younger matrons at the tea-room on Thursday, when Miss Brown, of Kansas City, was the *raison d'etre*. Mrs. J. K. Crowdy and Miss Jane Fielding presided at the pretty rose bedecked tea-table, and deliciously fragrant roses were also placed on the mantels and tables. Miss Norah Lewis, Miss Lottie Fraser, Miss Mildred Macpherson, and Miss Marjorie Eliot made a group of very attentive assistants.

Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey enterertained on Wednesday evening at a brilliant banquet at Government House in honor of the delegates of the Australian Press, who were visitors in the Capital for a day or two during the week, and who were also the particular guests of pleasant receptions given on the same afternoon by Mrs. J. K. Kerr in the Senate and Madame Marcil in the House of Commons. At Their Excellencies' dinner the guests included the Premier, the various Cabinet Ministers with their wives, Sir John, Lady and Miss Hanbury Williams, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden, Hon. J. K. and Mrs. Kerr, Hon. Charles and Madame Marcil, Hon. Geo. E. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. George Ham and Mr. Fred Cook. The ballroom was for the occasion converted into a banquetting-hall and the long table was gorgeouesly decorated with a wreath of beautiful roses of various descriptions, magnificent golden candelabra being placed down the centre and the entire length of the table. Their Excellencies, who have gone to Toronto, to attend the Races, will sail for England early in June.

The first of the interesting June weddings in the Capital will take place on Wednesday, June 2, and will be that of Miss Ida Mercy Hughes, daughter of the late Patrick Hughes, of Toronto, to Mr. Grey Northcote Toller, eldest son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Toller of Chapel street. The wedding will be a quiet one, and after the ceremony a small reception will be held by Mrs. Charles O'Connor, Miss Hughes' sister, at her residence, 154 Bay street.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, May 24, 1909.

Of Buried Cities.

BENEATH the time-worn streets of ancient Rome
Mayhap still older streets in dust lie hid;
Beneath the sands may stand a pyramid
Unmentioned in historic book or tome;

The forest may o'ertop some crumbling dome
Beneath which olden rulers dreamed and did;
Some palace that once housed the mighty Cid
May sleep below an humble peasant's home.

What of the buried cities of the mind—
The stately halls and castles still unwrought
Because we sit with idly, folded hands?
Shall some one else far in the future find
What could be ours, would we but take the thought?
Shall others build upon our barren lands?

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Chicago Evening Post.

Every now and then public attention is attracted by some particularly heavy gain or loss at the tables of Monte Carlo. The latest hero of the Riviera is Huntley Walker, a wealthy Englishman, well known as a racing motorist. One night recently he won $30,000, and the following night in a little over two hours' play he won a further sum of $60,000. The table at which he was playing had to suspend operations for a few minutes to replenish its exhausted reserves, and thus Mr. Walker, in the accepted parlance of the rooms, "broke the bank."

One of the Casino's officials, speaking of the run, said there was nothing extraordinary about it, as "any one playing, as Mr. Walker always did, in maximums, must very quickly either win or lose a large amount." In spite of his luck on these two occasions, Mr. Walker's experiences only prove the truth of the old saying, "Red gains sometimes, black gains sometimes, but Blanc always gains" —M. Blanc, of course, being the proprietor of the famous gambling rooms.

"For fifteen years," says Mr. Walker, "I have been coming to Monte Carlo, and this is the first time I have won, and even if I had won twice as much the bank would still be largely indebted to me."

"I noticed," remarked a tourist in Berlin, "that twenty-six of the German papers speak very highly of the new Reichstag." "Ach!" responded the native addressed. "Dvendy-six of de members of de new Reichstag is newsbaber men."—New York Sun.

A woman is as old as she looks before she is dressed to go out.—June Smart Set.

Imperial Bank of Canada

Proceedings of the Thirty-Fourth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders held at the Banking House of the Institution, in Toronto, on Wednesday, 26th May, 1909.

The Thirty-Fourth Annual General Meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada was held in pursuance of the terms of the Charter at the Banking House of the Institution, 26th May, 1909.

THE REPORT

The Directors have pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders their Thirty-fourth Annual Report and Balance Sheet of the affairs of the Bank as on 30th April, 1909, together with the result of the operations of the Bank for the year ended on that day.

The net profits of the year (after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, for interest on unmatured bills under discount, for the usual contributions to the Pension and Guarantee Funds, for the payment of all Provincial and other Taxes and for all preliminary expenses incurred in connection with the opening of New Branches) amounted to $743,524.17, which has been applied as follows:

(a) Dividends have been paid at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum, amounting to	$549,539.53
(b) Bank Premises and Furniture Account has been credited with	69,921.01
(c) Profit and Loss Account has been increased by	124,063.64

The premium amounting to $34,242.50 received on the balance of the 1906 issue of new Capital Stock has been credited to Rest Account, which now amounts to $5,000,000.

Branches of the Bank have been opened during the year in the Province of Ontario, at Bathurst and Dupont streets—Toronto; at the Market—St. Catharines; also at Cochrane, Elk Lake and Gowganda in the Cobalt district. In the Province of Alberta at Lethbridge. In the Province of British Columbia at Kamloops and Michel.

Arrangements have been completed for the opening of Branches in Ontario at the corner of Queen street and Palmerston avenue—Toronto; and at Palgrave. In the Province of Quebec in John street—Upper Town of Quebec (sub-branch). In Saskatchewan at Wilkie and Moose Jaw. In Alberta at Edmonton West (sub-branch). In British Columbia at Fernie, New Michel and sub-branches at Fairview—Vancouver, and Hastings street—Vancouver.

The sub-branch in Bank street, Ottawa, has been closed.

The Head Office and Branches of the Bank have all been carefully inspected during the year, and your Directors have again much pleasure in bearing testimony to the zeal, faithfulness and efficiency of the staff.

D. R. WILKIE,
President.

26th May, 1909.

34th Annual Statement, 30th April, 1909

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dividends Nos. 72, 73, 74 and 75, paid quarterly, for year ended 30th April, 1909, at 11 per cent. per annum	$549,539.53	Balance at credit of account 30th April, 1908, brought forward	$475,914.62
Transferred to Reserve Account	34,242.50	Profits for the twelve months ended 30th April, 1909, after deducting charges of management and interest due depositors, and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and for rebate on bills under discount	743,524.17
Written off Bank Premises and Furniture Account	69,921.01	Premium received on new Capital Stock	34,242.50
Balance of Account carried forward	599,978.26		
	$1,253,681.29		$1,253,681.29

RESERVE ACCOUNT.

Balance at Credit of Account, 30th April, 1908	$4,965,757.50
Premium received on new Capital Stock	34,242.50
	$5,000,000.00

LIABILITIES.

Notes of the Bank in circulation		$ 3,115,100.00
Deposits not bearing interest	$ 6,517,731.82	
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	29,545,784.19	
		36,063,516.01
Deposits by other Banks in Canada		252,037.32
Total liabilities to the public		$39,430,653.33
Capital stock (paid-up)		5,000,000.00
Reserve	$5,000,000.00	
Dividend No. 75 (payable 1st May, 1909), for three months, at the rate of 11% per annum	137,500.00	
Rebate on Bills discounted	85,934.11	
Balance to Profit and Loss Account carried forward	599,978.26	
		5,823,412.37
		$50,254,065.70

ASSETS.

Gold and Silver Coin	$1,143,947.82	
Dominion Government Notes	7,337,972.00	
		$ 8,481,919.82
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation		195,232.52
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks		1,941,611.43
Loans to other Banks in Canada secured, including bills re-discounted		450,278.46
Balance due from other Banks in Canada		610,945.60
Balance due from Agents in the United Kingdom		115,758.52
Balance due from Agents in Foreign Countries		2,491,319.97
		$14,287,122.38
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	$ 819,241.97	
Loans to Provincial Governments	819,199.09	
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British or Foreign or Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	2,036,977.50	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	1,020,506.60	
		4,695,925.16
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in Canada		3,338,253.71
		$22,321,302.25
Other Current Loans, Discounts and Advances		26,571,958.46
Overdue Debts (loss provided for)		21,540.95
Real Estate (other than Bank premises)		26,455.35
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank		92,457.91
Bank Premises, including Safes, Vaults and Office Furniture, at Head Office and Branches		1,200,000.00
Other Assets, not included under foregoing heads		20,351.25
		$50,254,065.70

E. HAY, Asst. General Manager. W. MOFFAT, Chief Inspector. D. R. WILKIE, General Manager.

The usual motions were presented and carried unanimously.

The scrutineers appointed at the meeting reported the following shareholders duly elected Directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. D. R. Wilkie, Hon. Robert Jaffray, Wm. Ramsay of Bowland, Stow, Scotland; Elias Rogers, J. Kerr Osborne, Charles Cockshutt, Peleg Howland, Wm. Whyte (Winnipeg), Chwthra Mulock, Hon. Richard Turner (Quebec), Wm. Hamilton Merritt, M.D. (St. Catharines).

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. D. R. Wilkie was re-elected President, and the Hon. Robert Jaffray, Vice-President, for the ensuing year.

Doctors' Prescriptions Filled by Experts

The experts who fill doctors' prescriptions in my laboratory do nothing else. They are never called away when filling a prescription to sell postage stamps or toilet articles.

That saves any possibility of mistake and does away with all delays.

My absolutely accurate methods do not make the medicine cost you any more than the slip-shod, careless kind.

I send for and deliver prescriptions. 'Phone Main 2991.

Hennessey 107 YONGE ST TORONTO

THE BEST IS NOT TOO GOOD FOR *YOU*

Gerhard Heintzman

PIANOS

ARE NOT SO HIGH IN PRICE THAT YOU SHOULD PASS THEM, BECAUSE YOU CAN'T AFFORD AN EXPENSIVE INSTRUMENT. SEE THEM BEFORE YOU JUDGE OF YOUR INABILITY TO POSSESS ONE.

WE SELL AT REASONABLE PRICES AND ON EASY TERMS.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Ltd.
97 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Hamilton Salesrooms: 127 King Street East.

Visitors' in Toronto Get a Souvenir

In buying souvenirs buy something worth having, worth keeping, and worthy of the visit to Canada's finest city. In Toronto there is the largest Oriental Rug store in Canada, and probably the largest exclusively retail Oriental rug store in America. Nothing could be a worthier souvenir of your visit here or a better investment of winnings made at the races, than the purchase of an

Oriental Rug

Think of having your choice from a $100,000 assortment of Oriental Rugs and Oriental Brassware. That's what we offer you. Will you come in?

PRICES FROM $2 UP TO $250

COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.
40 King Street E., Opposite King Edward Hotel

When you are looking at Gas Ranges be certain that it's a

DETROIT JEWEL

You decide upon to buy.

DO NOT BE SATISFIED WITH ANY OTHER "JEWEL" OR THE RANGE THAT IS "JUST AS GOOD."

Removable Oven Parts.
Pressure Regulator, etc.
Every Improvement worth while.
Demonstration given daily, also every evening during May.

Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges sold only in Toronto by

A. WELCH & SON
The Stove Store - 304 QUEEN ST. WEST

IT HAS NO EQUAL For KEEPING THE SKIN Soft, Smooth and White at All Seasons

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S **Laroola**

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England)

Sole Makers
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and Prevents ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, ETC.

It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT

The Jokesmith.

UNDER the spreading chestnut tree
The city jokesmith sits;
The smith, a careworn man is he,
With perspicacious wits,
And the notches in the chestnut bark
Are where he makes his hits.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can see the chestnuts grow;
You can see him twist and squint and leer
At all the motley show,
Harlequinizing anything
To magnetize the dough.

Now and then he seeks the club
And dines among the swell.
But keeps a pencil by his plate
To note the tales they tell;
And while they roar he gravely says,
"I think that joke will sell."

He goes on Sunday to the game
And sits among the fans;
He hears them loose descriptive tongues
And coolly lays his plans;
And when some wag invents a pun
He rubs unholy hands.

Quibbling, scribbling, marketing,
Onward through life he goes,
Viewing man and beast alike
From a high sardonic pose,
And tricking the best of us to smile
At the length of his curious nose.

For all is grist to the jokesmith's twist,
And none prove alibi;
The ever spreading chestnut tree
Shelters an Argus eye
That notes your foibles while we live
And roasts us when we die.

—D. H. Rich, in New York Sun.

General Sir John French delivered a speech the other day at an annual prize distribution of army rifles which recalls an amusing incident which happened some years ago.

The officers' mess was discussing rifle shooting.

"I'll bet anyone here," said Sir John, in that calm, deliberate way of his, "that I can fire twenty shots at two hundred yards and call each shot correctly without waiting for the marker. I'll stake a box of cigars that I can."

A major present accepted the offer, and the next morning the whole mess was on hand to see the experiment tried.

Sir John fired, "Miss," he announced. A second shot. "Miss," he repeated. A third shot. "Miss."

"Hold on there," protested the major. "What are you trying to do? You're not shooting for the target at all."

General French finished his task.

"Of course, I wasn't," he announced, "I have been shooting for those cigars."

The manager of a fashionable Paris restaurant fell into a neat trap the other day. A man named Daval, who had only recently been released from prison, called a cab and told the driver that he was the Count d'Abbeville and that he had bet a friend a large sum of money that, dressed in a tramp's rags, he would eat a dinner at one of the most exclusive hotels. If the cabman would arrange the matter for him with the manager of the hotel the Count would pay him handsomely.

The cabman drove up to a luxurious restaurant, took the manager aside and whispered the information that his disreputable looking fare was really a count in disguise and then related the story of the bet. The manager fell into the trap and the ex-prisoner was served with an excellent dinner with many wines.

The meal over the man declared that he was no count and that he had no money. The manager laughed heartily at the splendid way his guest played his part, but by and by the truth dawned on him. A policeman was called in and the ingenious swindler was led away, imperturbably smoking a dollar cigar.

Dugald—Yon was not a verra neighborlike thing to be doin', Angus, when you was tellin' the whole toon that I was drunk aal the week that we was in Glescow. Angus—I never said no sich word oot o' my lips, Dugald Mackay. Aal I said was that you was perfect sober on the Sabbath Day!—London Opinion.

Bridge Teacher—Now, if your partner is dealer and has a dreadful hand, what will she make it? Mrs. Baker—No trumps. Bridge Teacher—Why, you don't know anything about brjdge? Mrs. Baker—Possibly not; but I know all about my partner.—Harper's Bazar.

"Did you do much sight-seeing when you went abroad?" "No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls did the sight-seeing. I had to put in my time finding the places where they cash letters of credit."—Washington Herald.

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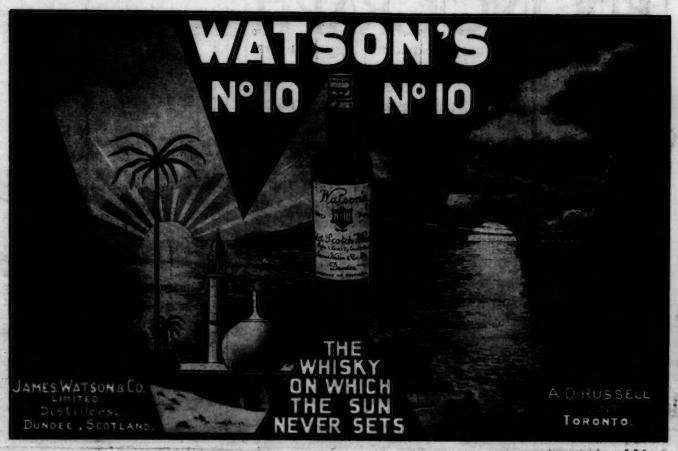

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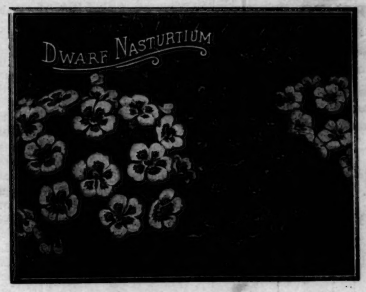

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